The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1933 NUMBER 975

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The Week

THE coal miners' strike in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, has an important bearing on this week's hearings in regard to the steel code in Washington. The strikers are employed by the H. C. Frick Coke Company, a subsidiary of the United States Steel Company, and their chief grievance is that they are being forced to join a company union which, as everyone knows, is a device to prevent true collective bargaining on the part of labor. Both the steel and coal industries have been fighting desperately to retain the open shop, and their proposals for company unions would in fact constitute a clear violation of the terms of the Recovery Act. General Hugh Johnson, the administrator, said on Saturday that the right to collective bargaining is plainly stated in the law, and that no provisions which contravene it can possibly have any validity, whether they remain in the code or not. The test of his sincerity will come in the coming months when union organizers are thrown out of company towns—as we do not doubt that they will be.

MEANWHILE, Governor Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania deserves high praise for sending state troops to Fayette County. The local officials were following the usual course of local officials in Pennsylvania and elsewhere, and were using all their strength to help crush the strikers and break the strike. On the ground that the mine owners were importing gunmen from New York to shoot down the strikers, Governor Pinchot called out the state troops to protect the miners in their constitutional rights. This is a refreshing change from the usual rule under former Governors in Pennsylvania, which has been to call out the troops to break strikes instead of helping to make them. The working people of Pennsylvania owe a debt of gratitude both to Governor Pinchot and to his wife, who almost single-handed helped textile strikers in several cities to win a series of strikes a few weeks ago.

THE absolute rule of employers in the industrial regions of Pennsylvania was illustrated again when the Burgess (the mayor) of Homestead refused to allow Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins to hold a public meeting. Open meetings have been forbidden in most of the steel towns since long before the 1919 strike. The Burgess did not quite have the nerve to prevent Miss Perkins from speaking on the steps of the federal post office, as she finally did. The incident recalls the efforts of labor organizers to hold a meeting in Duquesne in 1919. They were suggesting names of possible speakers in an attempt to discover under what conditions the mayor would permit a public gathering. The mayor finally emphasized his absolute ban on free assembly by stating that if Jesus Christ came to Duquesne, he could not hold a meeting. The steel magnates, with their subservient local bosses, sheriffs and mayors, are probably the most ruthless and autocratic caste in the world today, not excepting Hitler or Mussolini.

AMONG the public-works projects of the Roosevelt administration will be at least two important land-reclamation enterprises, aside from the Tennessee Valley. One of these will be on the Columbia River, and will include the building of a power dam which will furnish electricity at the lowest rates in the country, according to Secretary Ickes, thereby giving the power trust some additional and effective

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competition. Another will be near Casper, Wyoming, and will be primarily intended as a flood-control measure. Many commentators in recent years have pointed out the folly of putting more land under the plow when American farmers were already producing too much; but no administration before the present one ever had sense enough to do anything about it. Mr. Roosevelt, under the excellent advice of Secretaries Wallace and Ickes, and their aides, has resolved that the many thousands of acres of good land now to be made available shall not be used to increase the total American production and thereby perhaps help keep prices down.

FOR every acre of good new land which goes into use, therefore, an equivalent area of submarginal land somewhere else will be withdrawn. This does not mean withdrawals on an acre-for-acre basis, but on a basis of equal productivity, which might mean four acres of poor land for one good one—or might mean ten. The poor land withdrawn may be anywhere in the United States, and money to effect the operation will be taken from the public-works fund. The same process will be followed if and when additional land from the public domain is made available for use—something for which there is great pressure on the part of certain Western Senators. Farmers who are now trying to make a living on the submarginal land—and are starving in the process—will be settled in places where they have at least a fighting chance to maintain an American standard of life. This new policy is therefore not only obviously sensible in itself, but it marks a long step toward real national planning of agriculture, an important element in national planning of our economic life as a whole.

THE government has a chance to do a fine piece of social experimentation with the $25 million which is provided in the public-works plan for "subsistence farms." It is of course true that this money could be spent merely to dump the unemployed upon a few acres of land per family, near the city of their normal residence, and let them raise vegetables so that the cash cost of maintaining them would be lowered. On the other hand, this sum could be spent in finding out just what is possible in the way of a combination between small-scale agriculture and either part-time factory employment or "cottage industry." Ever since the advent of large-scale electric power production, imaginative people have discussed taking factories out into the country and operating them in smaller units than are at present the rule. Henry Ford has talked about farmers who work part of the year in factories—or if you prefer, factory hands who spend part of each year on farms which they themselves own. Others have envisioned a few electric motors in each farm home, where the members of the family could not only make things for their own use, *à la* Ralph Borsodi, but could manufacture certain light industrial products for the market, as a supplementary "cash crop." Some of the dangers in these various plans are obvious. We must not set up farm sweatshops, duplicating the bad conditions we are now trying so painfully to stamp out in the cities. Neither should people be established on partial-subsistence farms where there is only one nearby factory, so that they are at the mercy of their employer. In short, we badly need just the sort of tentative and careful experimentation in this field which the government's $25 million appropriation makes possible.

GENERAL Johnson, the Recovery Administrator, has made a dubious decision in connection with the textile code, the first one to go into effect. As the code was finally written, and accepted by the President, it was generally understood that all classes of labor would receive an increase in pay equal to that received by those getting the minimum rate (henceforth $13 in the North and $12 in the South). That is, if the lowest-paid workers obtained $3 a week more, everyone else would be correspondingly increased to keep the existing differentials. A subsequent ruling by General Johnson, however, held that the provisions of the code would be met if the differentials among the higher-paid workers were maintained, regardless of any change in the differential between the minimum group and the next higher one. This is being generally interpreted as authorizing a refusal to change the actual pay of any of the higher-paid groups, although of course their hour-rate is increased in most instances by the fact that they now get the same amount of money for a shorter, forty-hour week. Total payrolls are also increased through the necessity of hiring more men to do the same amount of work (the Recovery Administration officials believe that employment will be 13 percent higher than that of the peak year of 1927).

NEVERTHELESS, any employer who so decides, need not increase the actual pay-envelope of any worker except those in the minimum group; and thus the whole purpose of the Roosevelt administration program will be defeated, if the purchasing power of wages is diminished when incomes stand still and prices rise rapidly. It is true, of course, that the whole code is tentative and temporary. It can be changed at any time in the future, and there is something to be said for the policy, which General Johnson evidently intends to pursue, of taking the first steps one at a time and with reasonable caution. But reasonable caution does not justify an action which flatly violates the whole intention of the program. The increase in pay for all textile employees (and not merely the minimum group) which was intended in the code, should certainly be restored to the code.

THE most comic incident of the recovery campaign so far is the splendid gesture of coöperation offered by eleven great New York banks. These

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banks according to their statement, are prepared to lend money to business men so that production may be carried on. They say, with indubitable truth, "One of the principal functions of banks is to finance the production and distribution of raw materials, food products and goods. Commercial loans for these purposes are among the most desirable loans which a bank can make. Loans granted in one season for the manufacture of goods to be sold in another season are of this category." Loans extended for the production of inventory, in anticipation of future sales to result from further recovery, they state, are like seasonal loans. Of course, such loans should be granted "only when the credit of the borrowers justifies it, and each loan must be considered on its own merits." Applications meeting these requirements will have "sympathetic consideration." In other words, the banks agree to lend money for interest, in cases where the loan is safe. To such a pass have we come that the banks are highly praised for patriotic coöperation when they graciously consent to do the business for which they were created!

FRANCE, hitherto the only large industrial nation without a fascist movement, now has a National Socialist party. It was organized when more than fifty deputies withdrew from the National Convention of the Socialist party of France, held in the middle of July, after the adoption of a motion censuring the Right Wing for voting in support of the Daladier government in the Chamber of Deputies. It is probable that the opening of the French parliament in the fall will find at least seventy of the 129 Socialist deputies in the ranks of the new party. At present the new organization has little in common with the German party of that name. France with its democratic bourgeoisie and liberal traditions offers no field for a fascist party after the Italian and German pattern. On the contrary, the new party emphasizes parliamentarism and democratic government as a fundamental tenet of its program. But it repudiates the internationalism of the Socialist party in favor of a nationalism that supports a strong army and navy program and emphasizes the need of national preparedness. Its first public statement stresses the necessity of social reform and the improvement of economic conditions as a national rather than a class issue. It rejects the idea of the class struggle, directing its appeal to the middle class, the small trader, the artisan and the peasant rather than to the workingman. Unlike the insignificant fascist movement in Great Britain, which is also an outgrowth of the labor movement of that country, the new French party will probably become a factor to be reckoned with in the political life of the nation. France has a middle class relatively larger and more influential than that of any other industrial nation in Europe, while its peasant class bears a ratio to the general population that was exceeded only in pre-war Russia.

IT IS characteristic of French labor that the new party should have sprung from the Socialist movement. In Germany and Italy, and in the numerous near-fascist states on the European continent, fascism recruited its following from among the forces of nationalist reaction. In France, Marxian socialism has been fighting an unequal struggle with reformism for decades. Many of the statesmen the last generation has produced in that country, Millerand, Briand, Viviani, Boncour and others, at one time or another played a leading role in the Social Democracy. The debate on ministerialism vs. socialism between Guesde, Bebel, Kautsky and Vaillant on the one hand, and Jaurès and Millerand on the other, which took place in the Second International Paris Congress, followed the attempt of Millerand to enter the French Cabinet. The reformists were defeated, but Millerand entered the French government a year later and Socialists frequently entered the French Cabinet thereafter. The split in the French Social Democracy will bring a much needed clarification of the French labor movement. It will establish a line of division between those who support socialism as a revolutionary movement aiming at the fundamental reconstruction of society and the supporters of a program of reformist patchwork of the capitalist system. This is a development, it would seem, that every international socialist should whole-heartedly welcome. Yet Vandervelde, who greeted the French Congress in the name of the Socialist Labor International, urgently pleaded with the delegates to the convention to maintain the unity of the party at all costs, lest a new split end in the downfall of the Second International. Surely an illuminating commentary on the state of the international Socialist movement!

THE New Republic has signed the blanket code of the N.R.A. Its standards of maximum hours and minimum wages have for some years been better than those required by the code. It has not, since the beginning of the depression, reduced wages or laid off any members of its staff.

Recovery and Labor

THE provisions in the Industrial Recovery Act guaranteeing to workers the right of collective bargaining through representatives of their own choosing are not a mere meaningless formula, a mere political gesture to hold labor's support for the administration. They are a cornerstone of the structure and, if they are hollow, the whole recovery effort will tumble in ruins. Unless workers do practise collective bargaining on a wide scale, and practise it effectively, there is no reasonable assurance that the shortening of hours and the increase of wages will proceed rapidly enough to bring sufficient reëmployment, outdistance the rise of the cost of living and so increase popular pur-

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chasing power, or maintain labor standards desirable in other respects.

What satisfactory substitute can there possibly be for genuine labor organizations, first, in setting labor standards and, second, in policing the standards set? There are only two other agencies which can lay any claim to this duty—government and employers. Let us see what either can do without organized labor.

Government has set minimum wages, in certain instances higher than those desired by employers' associations. It has also set maximum hours. These minimum wages and maximum hours, though an improvement on conditions previously existing, are far from permanently desirable standards. They will have to be revised as the cost of living rises, if it does, and as industrial productivity increases. They cover only the lowest-paid occupations in each industry. Does government, through its executive agencies, want to undertake unaided the duty of decreeing in the future not only the necessary increases in minima, but the proper rates of remuneration all the way up the scale? Does it want to undertake the gigantic task of inspecting the practices of millions of employers all over the country, to see that the standards are held in effect? Still more important, does it wish to rely on the political power of officials in Washington, without the organized economic and social support of labor itself, to compel profit-seeking employers to set and keep high enough standards? A government representing labor and owning industry might do so, but for a government like ours to attempt this would be silly. Dictatorships are possible, but a dictatorship exercised in opposition to the strongest economic forces in the nation, without organized support of its own, is a contradiction in terms.

What can and will employers do? Some of the more enlightened of them have been converted to the doctrine that it is important to increase the purchasing power of the workers, and that this cannot be done without collective action covering whole industries and, indeed, the whole nation. Without this conversion, it would have been impracticable even to attempt this kind of recovery program, so long as private employers exist. Nevertheless, industry as a whole has not undergone a miraculous change of heart and of habit. There are certain to be many recalcitrants, both large and small. This will become more obvious as recovery develops, and as the zeal induced by fear of the abyss recedes into memory. No intelligent observer of the history of industrial relations in this or any other country needs to be convinced that employers will not voluntarily coöperate for long to maintain high and rising wages, without pressure from some strong force outside their own ranks. We have not entered a capitalist heaven.

Company unions scarcely need to be discussed as an instrument of collective bargaining. They are not free, they constitute an alter-ego of the employer. And, since each covers only a single plant or company, they are by very structure incapable of carrying out the industry-wide standardization of conditions which is essential. They are, and always have been, merely a defensive weapon against genuine unions.

As was to be expected, the first point of serious friction between the administration and organized industry has arisen concerning collective bargaining. Automobiles, steel, large sections of the coal industry—to name only a few of the more important—have traditionally been anti-union and intend to remain so. To speak of their policy as "open shop" is inaccurate. They have maintained closed non-union shops. Most of them will not employ union members, if they know it. Some permit a sprinkling of union members to be employed, so long as they do not act as members of the union. But let anyone start to recruit other members, or try to represent his fellows in negotiations, and he is shortly on the sidewalk. By rule of fear, unions have been kept from power in great American industries.

By one type of phrase or another, these anti-union employers have attempted to safeguard their position in the drafts of codes submitted. New clauses were added to those which the law required as a part of the codes, guaranteeing the workers' rights. If the added clauses meant anything at all they would violate the law as written. The administration has set a useful precedent in compelling the steel industry "voluntarily" to withdraw these ambiguous sentences.

General Johnson has been subjected to great pressure on the part of the non-union industrialists to interpret away the plain meaning of the law. They delayed submission of the codes, withheld their coöperation until the last possible moment. He has attempted to reassure them. The government will not organize labor. No worker need be a member of any particular union in order to benefit from the act. No non-union worker can be denied employment for that reason. These interpretations are strictly in accord with the letter of the law. They are the negative side of a sound administration policy in the matter. Nevertheless, it would be a calamity if their effect, either on workers or on other groups, were to discourage or delay the organization of labor or true collective bargaining.

Obviously, labor must organize itself. Only the wrong kind of unionism would result if trade-union leaders were to get a decree from Washington forcing employers to force workers to join the American Federation of Labor or any other specific union. Labor must organize and win power, if it is to have real power. And it must choose the leaders it wants. What the law does is to protect workers who want to unionize, to protect the right of organization, and to say that if workers choose representatives to bargain collectively, the employers must bargain with them. It safeguards the right of workers not to join company unions. If the admin-

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istration executes these provisions of the law fairly, labor then has the opportunity to do its part—which is to organize independently of the employers and demand better labor standards. Unless the law is so administered as to encourage this action on the part of labor, its intent will be violated.

Organized labor's first effort should be to carry on membership campaigns among the rank and file in the non-union industries. Wherever employers illegally obstruct this effort, Washington should be asked to stop the violation of law. Having organized a substantial number of the employees, the union may then demand a conference. If the employers refuse to confer, again the law is violated, and again the police power of the act may be invoked. If a strike arises from failure of the employer to negotiate, and the recovery effort is thereby hampered, the burden of guilt should be placed clearly on the employer.

In such cases the employer will always say that a majority of his employees do not belong to the union and do not want to bargain through it. There will be a question of fact as to who are the "chosen representatives" of labor. The history of railway industrial relations furnishes a valuable precedent for such a situation. The law has long compelled collective bargaining on railroads, but some of the railroads have set up company unions in the shops and elsewhere, refusing to deal with "outside organizations." When a dispute arose as to what the employees wanted, the governmental adjustment agency would hold an election to find out, and both sides had to accept the result (which was usually unfavorable to the employer, since the union would not ask for a vote unless it was sure of winning). The same procedure would protect workers who wished to be represented by unions outside the A. F. of L., like the Progressive Miners of Illinois.

Labor may, of course, at times make unreasonable demands. So does every other element in society. But the possibility that labor may advance too fast is distinctly less than that it will not advance fast enough. And that possibility offers no excuse for disfranchising it altogether in industry—as it is disfranchised without organization and recognition. Some of the steel magnates are reported by The New York Times as saying they "will not stand for a code that will not permit them to run their own business." But if a code does permit them to run "their own business," as they have run it in the past, the code is no good. That has been the whole trouble. The New Deal, as explained by Mr. Roosevelt, is one in which the government, the rest of industry, labor and the consuming public are admitted to partnership. It is up to the President to see that this is done, in steel and elsewhere. If it is not done, or if the partnership does not work, the only alternative is to take further steps such that no private person can refer any longer to "his own business." For the essence of making a national economy is to run it as if all business were the public's.

Toward Fascism?

IS ALL the world going fascist? Mr. Clark Foreman's article in the present issue of The New Republic sets forth in a sensational way the collapse of that economic internationalism which, so he says, "formed a necessary assumption and part of capitalist economic theory and the derived theories of Marx and the international socialists." The internal contradictions of capitalism produced the Great War, and this in turn caused the crash of the whole system. At present the "technical revolution" of the last twenty years, comparable in effects to the industrial revolution of the early nineteenth century, is evoking a new order. Mustapha Kemal, Mussolini, Hitler—and beside them the Five Year Plan and the New Deal—are all the tokens of a developing world system which Mr. Foreman chooses to call "national socialism," partly in order to avoid the emotional connotations which cling to the word fascism. Under this system, international trade will not at all disappear, but it will be strictly controlled by sovereign states.

We are summarizing his thesis at length so as to make clear both its strength and its weaknesses. Mr. Foreman uses Marxian language in order to criticize Marx (just as the Nazis in Germany used Communist methods to defeat the Communists), but he nowhere mentions the basic concept of Marxism, that of the class struggle growing out of property relationships. It is this struggle which explains the difference between communism and National Socialism. They are based on different social classes, the former on the proletariat (or in practice on a political party which represents the interests of the proletariat), the second on that middle class which Marx described as the petty bourgeoisie. Under communism, the state steps in to destroy existing property relationships. Under National Socialism it tries to preserve them so far as possible (while recognizing that they cannot wholly be preserved; incomes are limited in Italy and will have to be limited in Germany also if Hitler hopes to remain in power).

Both systems are able to solve the contradictions of capitalism. Communism solves them at the expense of the big and small capitalists. National Socialism solves them partly at the expense of the big capitalists—but mostly it is the working class that pays. Does not Mr. Foreman say that "countries with a less abundant supply of natural wealth and capital will be compelled to introduce a restricted consumption system of one sort or another—possibly by the strict regulation of wages and price levels"? *Whose* consumption will be restricted, *whose* wages will be lowered? Certainly not those of the class in power.

Mr. Foreman points out the striking similarity between the foreign economic policy of the Soviet government and that of the fascist countries. This similarity does not extend to political policy—Ger-

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many and Italy are trying to get more land, whereas Russia, which lost vastly more European territory than Germany did as a result of the War, is content with the land it has and is making effective efforts to preserve the peace of the world. But even in the purely economic sphere, the likening of policies can be carried too far. As long as communism exists in only one country, its foreign economic measures can be compared to those of Mussolini or Hitler. But let another country go communist, and the situation would immediately change. The two communist nations would either at once begin planning together for a proletarian world, or else they would be untrue to all the standards for which they had fought.

World politics is indeed the field in which one must look for the chief dangers of National Socialism. It can solve the internal contradictions of capitalism; it cannot solve the international contradictions—and Mr. Foreman's article makes this point abundantly clear. "National planned economy," he says, "will undoubtedly vary in its effects in the different countries. . . . [Those] with the greatest abundance and variety of natural resources will adapt themselves the most easily to the new system. . . . Germany and Italy are both trying to make up for their own inadequacy in this respect by drawing within their respective orbits—as a prelude to political absorption—neighboring countries which will redress the balance of their own national systems. . . . Japan has recently been very busy solving her own problem by the acquisition of the additional territory she requires."

This isn't a very feeling way to speak of the Chinese dead lying in the streets of a Manchurian village. National Socialism has a way of treating the nationals of other countries as pawns to be swept off a chessboard; they leave a little blood behind them, but the rain will wash it away, the sun will dry it. And in practice it is likely that a world of National Socialist states would have fewer wars than a world of struggling capitalists. There would be more causes for war, but also more control and fewer accidental sparks to set the continents on fire. But it is impossible that a fascist world should remain forever at peace—and when war does come it will inevitably be more horrible than any wars that have preceded it, for the nations will then be wholly organized toward the sole business of destruction. In that war the new system will perish as surely as the old system perished at Armageddon.

For this reason we feel much less warmly than does Mr. Foreman toward the world order whose ugly birth-wails disturbed the Economic Conference at London. National economic planning is a vast step in advance because it introduces control where none existed before; and it is a necessity because without it the world would rapidly sink into the chaos toward which it has for four years been falling. But it cannot be of permanent benefit unless we defend it and direct it toward planning for the world.

The New Deal in Grundyland

PENNSYLVANIANS whose memory extends as far back as the month of June, year one of the New Deal, find more than a tinge of irony in the fact that Chamber of Commerce groups in the various industrial centers of the state are today mobilizing to "put over" the Roosevelt program of shorter hours and higher wages. Early in June this same body issued a bulletin expressing keen satisfaction over the fact that the state legislature had in the course of its eighteen-weeks session succeeded in killing every piece of social legislation placed before it. This same bulletin showered lavish praise upon General Edward Martin, chairman of the Republican organization and chief executioner of liberal measures. The statement read in part as follows:

> The state chamber feels particularly gleeful over the fact that we emerged with 100-percent record of success. . . . We also desire to express appreciation for the assistance given us by General Edward Martin, who at all times gave his wholehearted support to protect business from the crazy proposals advanced.

The "crazy proposals" included bills for a minimum wage and a forty-four-hour week for women and minors.

During the closing hours of the session, when the Mellon-Grundy forces felt safe and gleeful, when the roll call revealed that all stand-bys had remained loyal and there was not a cloud on the horizon, generosity and benevolence—or was it carelessness?—gained sway for a brief moment. The liberals had become vociferous. From press, pulpit and meeting hall poured in protests against the wholesale massacre of labor bills. A sop was needed to hush them up and a sop was granted. It took the form of a resolution setting up a commission of nine members to study sweatshop conditions in Pennsylvania.

The members of the commission were appointed by the Senate, House and Governor, and included four members safely on the side of the Manufacturers' Association, one neither here nor there, and four decidedly sympathetic to labor. Among the latter was Mrs. Cornelia Bryce Pinchot, wife of the Governor.

The final hearing before this commission was held in Harrisburg on July 18. At its close, after much bickering and after an effort on the part of the majority to whitewash the whole issue, a more or less innocuous preliminary report was issued. This report, while admitting the existence of sweatshop conditions in "some industries," emphasized that, "There is no reason to suppose industrial establishments of Pennsylvania, generally speaking, are other than wholesome and decent."

The actual testimony presented to the commission vestigators, indicates that Pennsylvania's industries by employees, as well as by social workers and in-

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are far from "wholesome and decent." The facts painted a dark picture and proved there were obstacles in the way of recovery which even the sudden change of heart by the Chamber of Commerce cannot readily remove.

Women testified that they earned in the Pottstown and Reading shirt factories from $2.24 to $6 for two weeks, working from seven A. M. to five-thirty P. M. daily At Conshohocken a yarn mill pays employees wages as low as six cents an hour, out of which they have to pay for their ice water. A textile company in Montgomery County deducts 25 percent of the weekly wages towards the payment for stock in the company. A girl reported that she had made fourteen cents during one week, from which was deducted three cents for the stock subscription. At that rate, a mathematical expert among the commissioners figured out, it would take the girl seventy years to accumulate the $100 that is required before she is entitled to a certificate. At a Lebanon shirt factory a girl received $2.73 for five and a half days, ten hours a day. The envelope containing the wages carried this legend:

> If you would have freedom, be thrifty. Slaves are as plentiful today as they were before Lincoln delivered his Emancipation Proclamation. Are you hampered in your freedom of action? Just knock the "l" out of slave.

In Pittsburgh a dress shop requires girls to work without pay for anywhere from a few days to a month. While "learning" they make up dresses by the division process. However, they are not entitled to pay until they make up the complete dress, for which they get twenty cents. After "graduating" to the 20-cent rate they are kept on for a brief time, then are fired or laid off to make room for a new crew of free workers. A survey made by the State Labor Department in April, embracing some 10,000 women needle workers, shows an average weekly wage of $5.61 with over 2,500 women earning less than $4. These figures are substantiated by a report made public July 23, by Secretary Perkins. Out of a total of 18,000 needle workers in nine states, including Pennsylvania, more than one-third receive less than $6 a week.

The needle trades are not the only offenders. Women work in restaurants ten and eleven hours a day for anywhere from fifty cents to $1.50 a day. Frequently they work for meals only. Men, too, work in fashionable road houses without pay, depending entirely upon tips. Young men, many of them college students, work from ten to sixteen hours for $1. In laundries and dry-cleaning establishments girls work in terrific heat and in dampness at $5 and $6 a week. The weekly average for domestic service is from $2 to $3.

The above facts by no means present the complete picture nor the most disheartening aspect. The more serious problems revealed before the commission are these:

1. The vast majority of women workers, in factory, shop, store or office, many of whom support families, earn $10 a week or less.

2. The haunting fear of losing one's job leads to the acceptance of conditions bordering on peonage. Time cards are punched so as to come within the prescribed legal hour limit, then extra hours of work are put in without record or pay. Far from protesting against existing evils, employees sign affidavits dictated by employers and testifying to fabulously good treatment. Shop spies and the specter of want keep workers cowed and submissive.

3. In the heavier industries women are replacing men. Glass and hinge factories employ women at fifteen cents an hour on jobs which even now pay men twenty cents or more. At the Aluminum Company of America, New Kensington, near Pittsburgh, women are earning from $6 to $10 a week for work formerly done by men at $5 and $6 a day. As a result there are many families where the woman works while the husband, father or brother stays at home.

4. Piecework is widely used and is probably the most barbarous method yet devised by the capitalist system. Workers are more often than not, during these days of insufficient work, compelled to sit around for hours waiting for work to turn up. When work does become available it is rarely equitably distributed. This is especially true of the smaller factories. The workers pounce upon what work there is and work like fury until it is devoured, each hoping to grab the biggest share possible in order to make a few more pennies. Then follows another period of sitting around and waiting.

All of these conditions, of course, existed before August 1, before President Roosevelt made his radio speech and before the Pennsylvania Chamber of Commerce responded to it "wholeheartedly." Is it within the power of these recent events to change conditions? And is the Pennsylvania Chamber of Commerce typical of the organizations supporting the New Deal in the other forty-seven states? We can, if we choose, believe in miraculous conversions. But it would be a great deal safer for workingmen and women to seize the present half-chance for organizing into unions. If the New Deal is left in the hands of manufacturers, it is safe to prophesy that they will deal it from a cold deck.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1933, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT. DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

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The End of Internationalism

DURING the late lamented World Economic Conference there was most clearly revealed the conflict between the old international economic structure and the tendency towards national self-development. The British government, in particular, appeared to be fully conscious of the ends which it wished the Conference to serve. From the very first, when Mr. MacDonald referred to war debts in his opening speech, although it had been clearly understood that this question was not to be included in the work of the Conference, the British government and the British press strove to persuade the Conference, and particularly America, to adopt a program that was clearly designed to force the world back into the pre-war pattern of internationalism.

Yet it is hardly probable that a greater measure of free trade on the world market would solve all, or even most, of the problems confronting British economy. To take one example, the Lancashire cotton industry can never hope to compete on a free market with the products of the Japanese mills, which are run at much lower cost and from which England herself seeks protection in India behind tariff barriers. But the general structure of British economy is adapted to the conditions of pre-war capitalism, and this fact explained England's insistence on a discussion of war debts and currency stabilization, although these two questions were, according to Mr. Hull, outside the scope of the Conference. The frankly hostile attitude of, for example, The London Times, when President Roosevelt indicated that he would act first and foremost in American interests, was a decided change from the enthusiastic praise given by the same paper to the President when he accepted the British debt proposals a week earlier. The Times was made to realize, after a general protest to the press by Secretary Hull, that it had gone too far, and its editorial of June 22 concludes mildly:

> Whatever, for example, may be thought of President Roosevelt's rejection of the currency-truce proposals, there is every justification for his resolve to accept no agreement which might hamper or delay recovery in America. . . . The Conference will succeed, not by attempting to override national interests, but by reconciling them.

Is such a reconciliation possible? Mr. Walter Lippmann, writing in The New York Herald Tribune, says, after discussing the possibilities of American development under a controlled-currency regime:

> The position of the MacDonald-Conservative government presents a striking contrast. So far as one can see, it has no comparable program of action, and to all appearances it has not the will or the unity of purpose to adopt a comparable program. This, I suspect, is the root of the difficulty in working out immediately effective coöperation between the two governments. The Roosevelt administration is prepared to use the power and the credit of the United States in positive action. The MacDonald government appears to be inhibited by the natural conservatism of its component elements.

In thus sizing up the situation Mr. Lippmann seems to us to have stated the facts but missed the point. The "natural conservatism" of the firmly entrenched British government is in this case but an effort to make possible the continuance of a policy, hitherto recognized under the name of liberal, which, until fairly recently, has had at least in theory the support of the American and of most other governments. That policy is internationalism, as we have understood it in the past, and the breakaway from that policy did not, and could not, come from England, the country which more than any other prospered and profited by it. America, although it has actually made the break, has not yet publicly acknowledged the change. Mr. Lippmann, in chiding the mother country for her unwillingness to follow the course being taken by her giant offspring, displays considerable unreasonableness. In fact he fails to recognize the fundamentally different meaning of such a change to the two countries.

To explain this difference, and therefore the reasons for Britain's "natural conservatism," it is necessary to retrace briefly the development of modern economic internationalism. In the present context internationalism means that system which allows the citizens of one country freedom of action in other countries—roughly speaking, the same freedom of action that the citizens of those countries themselves enjoy. In the economic world this meant the freedom to own property, carry on trade and generally to conduct business irrespective of national boundaries. Generally speaking, it also implied that a commodity would be produced in the country which, for one reason or another, could produce it most cheaply, and thence exported by individual trading concerns to corresponding import firms in countries demanding that commodity. International trusts or cartels represented, not an exception to, but a natural result of this system. Industry and trade were superior to national boundaries. It is true that the economic freedom we have defined above did not exist in anything more than an approximate form, but it was the general tendency, most clearly apparent in England, of the

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period which closed with the war of 1914-18, and formed a necessary assumption and part of capitalist economic theory and the derived theories of Marx and the international socialists.

England, the first country in which industrialism developed, was also the first modern power to base her prosperity on external trade. By supplying to other countries articles which they could not yet manufacture for themselves, she built up her position of world supremacy. As is well known, the spread of industrialism to other countries represented a steadily growing challenge to that supremacy, but England was able to hold her own so long as no "artificial" barriers were erected against the flood of goods turned out by her factories, mines and mills. But the countries which were beginning their industrial development soon established protective tariffs. The protection was said to be granted to infant industries only, to enable them to get on an equal footing with those of England, after which free and unfettered competition would again be allowed full sway, and the world would move forward to the economic ideal of the nineteenth-century individualists, in which comparative costs of production guided and sanctified all policies. This theory of tariffs as offering justifiable protection to infant industries was the principal argument advanced in support of government-controlled impediments to international trade up to the time of the World War.

The historic policy of England has been to keep down all barriers to international trade, since this enabled her to dispose of the products of her industry and tended to prevent the development of competing industries in other countries. This policy, unsuccessful in the American colonies, attained a fair measure of success in the other colonies and dependencies of the British Empire, and was the aim, consistently followed, in all England's dealings with other countries. Until a year ago she herself set the example by maintaining free trade, with several minor qualifications. This explains Britain's anxiety to persuade the Conference into taking decisions that would, if not remove, at least modify the most glaring obstacles to the free exchange of commodities and services on the world market—tariffs, the absence of an international monetary standard, war debts and the restrictions on external financial dealings.

The contention that capitalism cannot recover from its present crisis unless and until these barriers are removed is therefore, from the British point of view, quite sound. And from that same point of view to admit this is to admit the necessity of a return to the conditions of the pre-war capitalist period. But since that time the world has undergone a transformation which may be compared, at least in its potential effects and significance, to the complex of changes usually summed up in the term "the Industrial Revolution." And just as that term indicates the change from one economic system to another, so the changes recently made in the methods of production and which, for want of a better word, we shall call the technical revolution, are introducing a new economic order to replace the capitalism that crashed in the Great War.

It is unnecessary to enlarge here upon these changes. That has been done—with an exaggeration probably intended only to drive the point home, to put the case, as it were, in unmistakable black and white—by the Technocrats and publicists of similar tendencies. What has not been realized, however, is that these changes, though in themselves quantitative, involve by their magnitude a qualitative change, that is, a change from one category to another.

These changes in the methods and forces of production (as the Marxists of today would admit if they dared to question the theories by which they have lived and under which they are now being entombed) necessitate corresponding changes in all other economic and social spheres, in order to develop and expand. The most important of these, to our mind, are the changes in the organization and control of production, exchange and distribution.

With the productive capacity of industry so enormously increased, it has become more dangerous and disastrous than ever to leave the control of industry to an unknown number of more or less independent producers. This is, of course, an old argument against the capitalist method of production, but it has recently acquired an urgency that is, at any rate in America, powerful enough to force an answer. That answer is national planned economy, with state control of all important economic functions, such as banking, transport and communications; and since it is impossible to plan the internal development of a country without absolute control of imports and exports, it necessarily involves planned international trading, similar to the state monopoly of foreign trade in operation in the Soviet Union. State control of foreign trade has already been adopted in some countries to protect the industries, but this will in turn lead to state control of the industries.

The changes in the distributive system will no doubt be introduced more slowly and with greater variation within the different national economic units. It is scarcely likely that the rigid rationing system forced on the Soviet Union by her extremely low level of production will be found necessary in the United States, whose productive capacity is already great enough to guarantee a more than adequate standard of life for the entire population. But countries with a less abundant supply of natural wealth and capital will be compelled to introduce a restricted consumption system of one sort or another—possibly by the strict regulation of wages and price levels—in order to provide for capital expansion, the development of backward industries and so forth.

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The internal contradictions of the capitalist system, themselves the cause of the economic rivalries which culminated in the War, were only rendered more acute by the effects of the War. The development behind protective tariffs of industries in formerly backward countries has been dealt with too often to require treatment here. The dislocation of the world market due to this factor was increased by inflation, the impoverishment of large areas in central and eastern Europe, the emergence and rivalries of the Succession States, the collapse of industries, overdeveloped and overcapitalized to meet the requirements of war, burdened with an enormous productive capacity and dying for want of markets.

Of equal, if not of greater importance, was the withdrawal of the vast and undeveloped territories of the Soviet Union from the possible fields of capital investment and exploitation. Capitalism had flourished and had been able to overcome its contradictions to the extent that new and undeveloped areas could be drawn within its orbit, offering opportunities of investment and development, markets for exports and sources of raw materials. The disappearance of the old Tsarist empire from this sphere greatly limited the possibilities of expansion for the old capitalism, and dealt a serious blow at a system that was already suffering and disintegrating. The political urge towards national self-development in the Soviet Union, the political rivalries and ambitions created by the terms of the peace, the reënforcement of nationalist sentiments—all these factors, with their resultant tariffs and embargoes, prohibitions and subsidies, strengthened the movement towards breakdown in the old system and severely aggravated the crisis arising from the anarchic nature of capitalist production itself. Indeed, it is practically impossible to distinguish the course of cause and effect in the interaction of the political and economic tendencies which have led to the present situation, to the suppression of individual vested interests in favor of national development in an increasing number of countries.

Self-sufficiency does not appear theoretically to be a necessary corollary of national planned economy, but there is undoubtedly a strong current in that direction. This to a large extent is a result of the War, during which countries dependent on imports for vital commodities realized the danger of their position and raised tariff walls behind which the necessary industries could be fostered and developed. To no country does this apply with greater validity than to Russia, which during the period of civil war and intervention suffered acutely from the cessation of foreign trade. The fear of further intervention or aggression, in which that situation would be repeated, was the driving force behind the plans for the rapid industrialization of the country, to which the Soviet government sacrificed the principles of international socialism. The U.S.S.R. represents the antithesis of the system in which Great Britain won her world position. Today the conflict is no longer between international socialism and international capitalism, but between national socialism and decay.

The London Times has indeed recognized the nature and importance of the issue. Its editorial of June 21 begins as follows:

> It would probably be an oversimplification to say that the real issue at the World Economic Conference is internationalism against nationalism; but there is no doubt at all that the conflict between the broad coöperative outlook and the narrow concentration on national needs, which divides opinion in most countries today, is vividly reflected in the Conference.

After discussing at length the development of nationalism in Germany, The Times continues:

> These methods savor of Bolshevism. So far as the technique of government is concerned, Germany is indeed in the grip of a Bolshevism that differs from that of Russia chiefly by being national instead of international—as the Soviet variety at least professes to be. . . .

The parallel, in fact, extends further than the technique of government. The National Socialist government is beginning to invade the economic system, although more slowly and hesitatingly than might have been expected. Nor has it yet carried its repudiation of preceding governments to the extent of a complete refusal to pay its foreign debts, although the recent moratorium decrees may indicate that the same end will be accomplished by less candid means. The exclusive right of the state to grant concessions or give contracts to foreign firms for industrial and trading purposes within the country, though essential to a national planned economy, has up to the present been introduced by the Soviet Union alone. The question is of little practical importance in the United States, since neither country has the need for foreign assistance which was so vital a factor in the economic policy of the U.S.S.R.

It is this difference which to a large extent explains the active hostility of the old world towards the U.S.S.R. and its benevolent neutrality towards the National Socialist revolution in Germany. The fear of Bolshevism as a revolutionary international force is fast dying out (its death blow was registered by the defeat of the Communist party of Germany) and the international reverberations of the fascist revolution are still too uncertain to force any definite new alignment of the powers, although they have undoubtedly introduced changes in the political diplomatic map of Europe.

America is approaching by peaceful means the road which in Russia, Italy, Turkey and Germany was adopted only as the result of violent revolutions. To a certain extent, it is true, the severity of the economic crisis in America, and its appalling effects in a country which, unlike England, makes

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no provision for the millions of unemployed, coupled with the distinctly revolutionary attitude of the impoverished farmers, threatened with expropriation, were acute and menacing enough to compel a change from above without waiting for an upheaval from below. The fact that Roosevelt has obtained dictatorial powers from Congress constitutionally does not render less revolutionary the application of those powers.

The step taken by America has only hastened events that were bound to come. It has, however, revealed the baselessness of the hopes cherished by Britain in calling the Conference. The difference in the attitude of the American representatives during the preliminary conversations in America, and the announcement of the United States delegation at the Conference that currency stabilization was considered by President Roosevelt to be "untimely," is symbolic of the changes in the world economic system. The direction taken by American policy quite naturally aroused the sorrowful indignation of the British press, for it signified the complete breakdown of the old international system based on the capitalism of private ownership and control.

National planned economy will undoubtedly vary in its effects in the different countries. If self-sufficiency is to be the goal of national planned economy (and even a comparatively unimportant country like the Irish Free State has publicly advocated this path), countries with the greatest abundance and variety of natural resources will adapt themselves the most easily to the new system and become the most powerful states. Consequently countries of the vast extent of Russia and the United States are unquestionably in a position to develop to a much higher level of prosperity than those with an unbalanced economy such as England. Germany and Italy are both trying to make up for their own inadequacy in this respect by drawing within their respective orbits—as a prelude to political absorption—neighboring countries which will redress the balance of their own national systems.

From the same point of view the theoretical solution for England appears to lie in the direction of a much greater coördination and integration of the Empire, a strengthening of its centripetal forces, and a certain amount of progress has been made along this road. The variety of conflicting interests involved, and the intensity of these differences, do not, however, justify a very optimistic outlook, and the alternative for England appears to be a slow and painful decline to a level at which the population of the country bears a much closer relation than at present to its capacity to maintain itself out of its own resources. To the extent that England retains her hold on the Empire—and the colonies as distinct from the dominions, are not in a position at present to go their own ways—this process will be modified and checked.

For the countries not naturally able to play an independent part in the world of planned and self-sufficient states, the problem is one of mutual strengthening by combination, if they are not to be drawn into the system of a more powerful neighbor. Japan has recently been very busy solving her own problem by the acquisition of the additional territory she requires, despite the protests of enfeebled internationalism speaking through its chief institution, the League of Nations.

A second weapon at the disposal of these countries is represented by the principle of state trading. The fact that the Soviet Union has renounced internationalism does not mean that it has severed economic relations with the rest of the world. On the contrary, as fast as the rest of the world has been willing to make those relations possible, the U.S.S.R. has willingly entered into them and has fulfilled all the obligations thereby contracted. Its trade has been carried on by state monopolies and we may assume that this system of state trading will become the form of economic relations between different countries. There is no reason to think that the world will not get along at least as well under such an economic system as it did under international capitalism, although the transition stages will probably be accompanied by a lowering in the standard of life of vast numbers. In this connection it is interesting to observe that the relations of the U.S.S.R. have been happiest with the governments of Italy and Turkey, both representing different stages of the new system, and that they have not suffered from the revolution in Germany, despite the apparent hostility of the two systems and their internal political systems.

Like many a symbol of decline, the World Economic Conference may also be regarded as a symbol of the development of a new order. The Conference, failing to accomplish the desired end of setting the clock back to that period of Victorian bliss when free trade and individualism were accepted as fundamental verities, represented the swan song of internationalism; a song interrupted by the ugly birth-wails of the new world system.

CLARK FOREMAN.

Sonnet

There are two centers of this night; one I
And one the sun, deep down below my bed
Shut out by earth from the shadow overhead
Whose black sheaf flowers in an endless sky.
My body's warmth, incongruous in the chill
Contiguous body of the wasted night,
Remembering the now ambushed sun's great light,
Remembers you, whose light is with me still.

I put my hands out, thinking you are there,
Thinking to clasp the two curves of your sides
And, while this keeled and plunging planet rides—
Under its sail of shadow—the stormed air,
Hold you at anchor at my harbor breast,
Your mouth my north, your hands my east and west.

RAYMOND HOLDEN.

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How Far Back to the Land?

I: The Small Farm Racket

AMONG the divers proposals for remedying our economic ills none bobs up more persistently than the back-to-the-land theory. For the last three years in particular our magazines have pictured the utopian results of settling idle men on the fat, fair and abundant lands of our country. There is something wistful about all this. It becomes almost a cult. Here are idle men; there are vacant acres; get them together and Mother Earth and Mother Nature will wipe all tears from their eyes and they shall be happy and satisfied in a primitive, arcadian simplicity. Mother Earth! she gives us birth and she takes us back at last to her kindly bosom; she can and will feed and clothe the unfortunate whom a disjointed and artificial society has dealt with harshly. We feel the truth of the myth of Antæus: with his feet on the ground he was invulnerable. Millions of our restless and disillusioned men feel almost instinctively that if they could only have the opportunity to wiggle their toes into the good brown earth they could thumb their noses at an unkind, artificial and mechanical culture.

We in America came from long generations of agriculturists. The great city is a new phenomenon to the Nordic man. In theory at least he still loves the soil. He might say with Neihardt's Chief Red Cloud:

> Her thousand laps have sheltered me,
> Her ever-giving paps have nourished me.

But we can no more return to these past conditions than we can return to our childhood. Even the Indian, the South Sea Islander, the African Bushman, inevitably feel the resistless pull of this great world economy and are torn, sad and protesting but ruthlessly, from the springs of their simple and ancient cultures. It is still physically possible for men to live like the peasants of the thirteenth century. They would not starve to death and they would be clothed. But the resistless pull of the current of money, automobiles, radios, Greta Garbo, will sweep away and dissolve in the great common whirlpool any group that seeks in any degree to approximate the older economy.

The truth is we now have too many men on the land, not too few. Anybody curious to see what happens when men seek to be independent of cities and almost of civilization has only to visit the Ozark regions of Arkansas, or the black and the white small farmers of Georgia, or the mountain men of western North Carolina, or the marginal farmers of Michigan and Wisconsin. He need not lead a multitude of idle men out of the city to establish such far-flung slums as we find ready made in these stagnant regions. I think those who cry out for a back-to-the-land movement are advocating a defeatist program and a lost cause. Why propose as a remedy a thing that is being tried with such ill success already by literally millions of our people?

I myself live on an acreage, five good, fat, Nebraska acres. In the great domesday book of the United States government, the 1930 Census, it is classified as a farm. I love it. For thirteen years I have made it my home. I do not farm it part of the year and help Mr. Henry Ford make automobiles the balance of the time, as he suggests farmers might do, but I approximate this by dividing my time between my farm and my office. Unless account books at both ends prevaricate, the plan is not a financial success. My apple trees are a disgrace. Harassed between Illinois canker and the codling moth, they are dying in obvious agony, meanwhile yielding an apple that can be eaten safely only in broad daylight. At an earlier and more enthusiastic period of my acreage experience I used to spray from three to five times per season. My activities cost me more than the apples were worth. A hundred miles southeast of me are great orchards of thousands of acres. Here these things are taken care of with scientific accuracy and mechanical efficiency. My little orchard can't compete.

Some years ago my good wife with true agrarian thrift swapped some chickens for several stands of bees. They arrived in the evening while I was absent. The next morning I sallied out to get acquainted with my little friends. I knew I should like them and I hoped they would reciprocate. They seemed to be interested and took to me at once. Promptly and without a moment's hesitation I left my newly acquired apiary. I still think I could become an apiarist if I would read some books prescribed by my county agent; but I can only see $17 worth of honey after nights of study and days of labor and dangerous adventure. I really wonder if every man should be an orchardist and a beekeeper as well as a poulterer, sheepman and swineherd.

I finally raised chickens with reasonable success. But what a costly victory! Some of this experience was a joke, some a nightmare and some a cause for honest pride. I remember rising at two A. M. and wading deep snow at zero temperature to replenish brooder-house fires. How tragic to look upon a pile of a hundred dead chicks, killed by crowding and piling up because the fire was low in the brooder house! Or watching a brooder-house unit of three or four hundred chicks wither up and die of pullorum, white diarrhea. I learned that

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a poultry man has to be a sanitary engineer. He puts in twelve months each year applying cunning schemes to prevent his chickens from committing suicide. There are at least fifty-seven ways in which the poultry men may fail. I failed in at least half of them during the first two years. After that I began to succeed. One need not guess what will happen to the man of limited capital starting in the poultry business. I have seen a great number of people fail at it. Most of them in fact; they failed through lack both of adequate capital and of experience to place the business on a paying basis.

It is a significant fact that none of our agricultural colleges seems to be advocating any back-to-the-farm movement. Specialization is just as essential in agriculture as in any other line of endeavor. The small farmer with little capital and many lines of agricultural effort is doomed either to extinction or a life of grinding toil for bare sustenance under conditions far from health, wealth or contentment. If agriculture is naturally and inevitably a peasants' job, let us say so. Let us tell the farmer to stop yapping and striking and picketing and accept his heaven-ordained station along with the others of the sons of Ham.

As I said, I live on an acreage. I also have a 320-acre farm in the wheat belt of western Nebraska. The latter in reality is not a proper farm unit, although it is all in cultivation. It is not a profitable unit even under normal conditions. The poor devil who farms it is constantly bankrupt and continues on sufferance of the local shylock and stingy loans from Uncle Sam. My wheat farm is just 25 percent as large as the proper farm unit in our wheat belt. Each decade the Census shows our Nebraska farmers growing fewer in number, the farms greater in extent. Alexander Campbell tells us that wheat farming is most economically done on units of about three thousand acres. Russian communism is simply carrying on a worldwide process when it sweeps up the small farmer wholesale and organizes huge farm units.

For many years I myself lived on a farm in western Nebraska and saw a whole community of farmers fail simply because their farm unit was too small. Hilariously they had joined in the chorus of the roaring 80's, "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm." Unfortunately they mistook the 160-acre tract for the farm. The result was pathetic. I still remember times when we were unable to raise the necessary twenty-five cents for a pound of Arbuckle's Coffee. We roasted rye and used it instead. We blamed our misfortunes on the drought, the chinch bugs and the government. We listened to the advice of Mary Ellen Lease to raise less corn and more hell. We organized the Populist party. We whooped it up for William Jennings Bryan and 16 to 1. We were all in a devil of a fix and told it to the world. In perspective, however, it seems to me our trouble was mostly in trying to make four farmers grow where only one should have been planted.

There is a vast deal of difference between making a living on a standard of decent American life and eking out a mere existence. The small farmer is generally doomed to the latter condition and understanding men will seek to decrease rather than increase his numbers. Does he not need to have good schools for his children? Must he not have dentistry and medical care and hospitalization? Is he not bound by the same ancient decree that St. Matthew says went forth from Rome in the days of Cæsar Augustus that all the world shall be taxed? If not for himself, must not his sons and daughters burn gasoline and contribute their quota to the million casualties of our highways? Perhaps they may even insist on college. And it is a significant fact that American children absolutely refuse to remain on the small farm with its hard toil and meager rewards. If these small-farm units are to fulfill any useful purposes they must convert the new generations as to their desirability. They are not doing it.

Agriculture like everything else rushes forward to specialization, scientific management and mechanization. The small-farm unit is going to the scrap-heap as certainly as the Model T. We need fewer farmers not more if agriculture is to be saved from bankruptcy. We need larger units and fewer farms. Modern agriculture has poured out a plethora of good things and as a reward the farmer is threatened with bankruptcy and serfdom. Shall we seek to answer the preposterous dilemma by a defeatist program seeking to bring back to life a rural society that is rapidly passing and that never was so good as advertised? Would it not be better to go forward and seek new remedies for new conditions?

WILLARD TILDEN DAVIS.

II: Mountain Slum

PEOPLE are going back to the farm. As a matter of fact, there have always been people going back to the farm, even during the years from 1923 till 1929 when farmers were poor and factory hands considered themselves rich. Always there have been two streams of migration, one directed toward the fabulous cities, the other returning, beaten and still hopeful, toward the soil that did not yield much, but at least yielded a living. The cityward stream was much the larger. Indeed, the farm population of the United States, notwithstanding the excess of births over deaths, had been decreasing slowly since 1910. In that year it was slightly more than 32 millions, whereas by 1930 it had fallen to less than 30 millions. But during the depression, the countryward stream began to swell. On January 1, 1932, there were 31,241,000 farm dwellers, by the estimate of the Department of Agriculture. Twelve months later there were 32,242,000. The farm population was increasing

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at the rate of a million a year, and had reached the highest point in American history.

People are going back to the farm: just how far back are they going? What do these figures mean in terms of human life? Do they indicate a return to the sturdy customs of our forefathers? It is nice to think of former bond salesmen who have abandoned the uncertainties and artificialities of city life in order to rise at dawn and guide a plow across the yellow wheat-stubble. It is nice to think that the city proletariat is dwindling, that people are crossing themselves off the city relief rolls (to the great joy of taxpayers) and are transforming themselves into yeomen secure on their own acres, thanking no boss or charity investigator for their living. But if by any chance you want to find out what is really taking place, I recommend a motor trip from central Pennsylvania south and west through the mountains.

People are going back to the farm, but they are not going back to the rich farms of the Shenandoah Valley. Driving south from Harper's Ferry through some of the best agricultural land in the East, you will pass more weed-grown and uncultivated fields than ever before. Talk to men at the roadside and they will tell you the reason. These good farms are for the most part heavily mortgaged; many of them have been lost through foreclosure, or are about to be lost; people don't see the use of planting a crop that is sure to go to the bankers. Or perhaps, if they still own their land, they haven't enough money for fertilizer and prefer to let the fields lie fallow. . . . I have heard that the same process is taking place in other rich farming areas—in Iowa, for example, and north-central Indiana. Many farms are idle there; the population is perhaps increasing, but very slowly.

People are going back to the farm: where are they going? To find the answer to this question, you need merely turn westward from the Shenandoah and climb the Alleghanies by any road whatever. Soon, high on the mountainside, you will see a yellow shanty standing in the midst of the knee-high corn that grows in an almost vertical field dotted with dead trees. Examine it closely: it is a log cabin, the product of a new era. The logs are freshly peeled; the cracks between them are chinked with clay. There is a door at the left, a single window at the right; the roof is of tar paper, or shingles riven from oak blocks, or perhaps of tin cans beaten flat. Outside the door, half a dozen ragged children are playing: you wonder whether they sleep on the dirt floor. It is, you reflect, just like the life of the pioneers. . . .

And that is the truth of the matter. All through the eastern half of the country, in the mountains from Pennsylvania south into Alabama, in the scrub-pine belt of Georgia and the Carolinas, on the Cumberland Plateau of Tennessee—and I suppose also in the Ozarks and in the hill country of southern Indiana—everywhere on the poorest soil that was never meant for cultivation, they are pioneering once more, they are living as did their ancestors who first crossed the mountains. You have wondered, perhaps, what has happened to the strikers of last year and the year before, the coal diggers of Harlan County, the cotton-mill hands of Gastonia and Marion. This is the answer: they are back in the hills building log cabins and hoeing a patch of corn.

Little by little they have left behind them the baggage of modern civilization. The radio was abandoned when the battery wore out; there was no money for license plates and so the automobile was left standing by the roadside until it rusted into junk. Last spring, when there was almost no sale for farm tractors or combine harvesters, there was an unexpected demand for mules—not for good ones, but for old, spavined mules just strong enough to pull a one-horse plow. People went rummaging in old wagon sheds to find a buggy that could somehow be wired together. Crossroad stores reported that there was now a sale for scythes, cradles, corn knives, leather harness—all the farm gear that belonged to the past. It was as if time had suddenly turned backwards, and as if people were living early in the nineteenth century.

Among the backward-marching pioneers, the lucky ones are those who still own a few hillside acres. The others make an arrangement with a coal company which has acres to spare, or with a lumber company which has no use for land from which the good saw-timber has been removed, or they dicker with a farmer to "make a crop" on shares, or they simply find a hill and squat on it—in any case, their work has just begun, First they must find enough straight logs for a cabin. Then they must somehow get rid of the other trees—usually there is no time to cut them; they are simply girdled and left to die. The brush must be cut and piled into heaps and burned; the ashes are excellent fertilizer. Afterwards they hitch the old mule to the plow, exactly as did their forefathers, the men with the long rifles and the coonskin caps.

But this is pioneering of a hopeless sort. The first settlers, as a result of their labors, could at least expect to live independently and to die owning a farm in the Blue Grass or in the rich lands of central Tennessee. The new pioneers are working equally hard; their children go barefoot summer and winter (and often get no schooling); their whole families suffer from pellagra and dysentery —and as a result of all these sacrifices they can hope for exactly nothing. They cannot even live without charity.

Consider their barren prospects. After clearing two or three acres of hillside, they can raise sixty to a hundred bushels of corn, not quite enough to make bread for their family and fatten the hog they hope to slaughter at Thanksgiving. They can shoot a few squirrels, if they own a shotgun and have money enough for ammunition. For the rest, they must depend on doles from the county, the state

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or the government at Washington. And they cannot, in any case, look forward to the future. Next year their crop will be smaller, for half the fertility of the soil will have been exhausted. In two years, their hillside will probably be so washed away by the rains that it will raise no crop at all. Or, if it remains fertile, the fruits of it will probably be enjoyed by someone else: it does not belong to these new pioneers.

In their humble way, they are really a threat to American society. Twenty years ago they were marginal farmers, and professors of agriculture were beginning to speak of the necessity of eliminating them as a means of reducing the surplus crop. They chose instead to eliminate themselves by migrating to the mills and mines and factories: they became marginal workers and, by competing with other workers, helped to depress wages and living standards. At present they are submarginal farmers, but with the first sign of prosperity they will return once more to the cities. They are a great reservoir of labor on which employers can call at any time; they are a perpetual threat to wage standards under capitalism. No plan for recovery can succeed without taking them into account.

But driving through the Kentucky mountains this summer, I was less concerned with the future of society than with the plight of the land itself. Here was some of the most beautiful country in the United States, with the hills green-blue in summer, gray-blue in winter, and the valleys filled with the sound of rushing water. One could imagine what these mountains would be like if they were administered for the benefit of their inhabitants. There would be an abundant supply of timber on the high slopes; people would climb there to enjoy the summer coolness and to hunt in autumn; the valley streams would be stocked with trout and bass; sheep and cattle would pasture on the lower hillsides and be carried through the mild winters on hay and corn raised only in the bottom lands—it was a pleasant dream. In reality, everything that man has done in these hills has been a step toward destroying their beauty and exhausting their natural resources. First came the lumbermen to butcher the forests, then the coal companies to poison the streams and tempt the inhabitants into dirty, littered towns by the promise of high wages, which were paid for a while—then the miners were left to starve or go back to the soil. And now this last migration was completing the destructive work of four decades by destroying the land itself, by clearing trees from hillsides that were never meant to be cleared, by planting corn on slopes so steep that they would soon be washed down to the bare rock.

I talked about this matter with two young men, natives of Harlan County. "Pretty soon," said one of them, "we'll have this country plumb worked out, we'll be ready to give it back to the Indians."—"Hell, if the Indians have any sense," the other said, "they won't ever take it."

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Washington Notes

Tucking Them under the Blanket Code—Frank's Glad Hand—Bad Boy Moley—That Symmetallic Dollar

FROM THE political strategist's standpoint, the promulgation of the N.R.A. blanket code is the most important move Mr. Roosevelt has made since his inauguration. During his presidential campaign, you will recall, Mr. Roosevelt studiously avoided taking any clearly defined position on economic policy. In the election, he received the votes of all sorts and conditions of people, with the most variegated economic beliefs. He came to the White House, consequently, with immense personal popularity, but, at the same time, with no well organized, educated and convinced body of opinion behind his New Deal program.

One of the purposes of the N.R.A. blanket code will be to remedy this lack. From a politician's point of view, the far-flung N.R.A. publicity machine, with its Blue Hawk (General Johnson says hawk, not eagle) its "We-do-our-part" slogan, its window-stickers, posters and banners, is primarily a vast propaganda agency for building up voting strength for Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal. And, in the circumstances, this is a very necessary thing. It has long been evident that Mr. Roosevelt would not take any step directly challenging the vested interests of American industry until he felt sure of solid popular support behind him. Frank has none of the love of battle of old Theodore; he is emphatically not a leader of lost, or even doubtful, causes.

Ever since March 6, some of the more astute observers in Washington have had an uneasy sense of being in a foreign country. Here in Washington, we have been living in breathless, shining-eyed excitement. Among certain left-wing administration leaders, talk of the imminent demise of the profit system, and the coming of a planned order of society, has been continual and loud. But there has been no indication that this talk represented any organized sentiment in the country at large. Washington has seemed like a city suspended in air, like Mahomet's coffin, with great empty spaces separating it from the rest of the nation.

Some of the warmest supporters of the administration are fearful that the application of the blanket code, amid war hysteria, may result in great individual injustices. In small towns, in particular, it is likely to give free scope to neighborhood spite. It must be remembered that no machinery whatever exists for the code's administration. A merchant can be maliciously accused of violating his "pledge with the President," and half-ruined, without any chance to confront his accusers before a competent tribunal. Much more serious, of course, is the fact that it will be virtually impossible for workers to strike successfully against an employer who is able to show he is complying with the barest provisions of the blanket code. Nevertheless, despite these dangers, administration officials seem convinced that something in the nature of a war crusade for the New Deal has now become imperative. Some real, man-sized fights are looming ahead for Mr. Roosevelt in the next few weeks. A show-down seems to me inescapable before long over the

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apparent determination of the packers and canners to raise food prices. What administration officials—half-consciously, half-unconsciously—want to do is to create a war psychosis in which any corporation head attempting to defy Mr. Roosevelt and the N.R.A. will be at once identified by the country with Kaiser Bill, Hindenburg, Ludendorff and Grover Bergdoll.

How far Mr. Roosevelt actually will go in challenging the vested interests of banking and industry, however, is as yet unclear. It must be recorded that left-wing administration members still profess their faith in the genuineness of the New Deal and Mr. Roosevelt's sincerity. At least if Mr. Roosevelt does decide to fight, he is going to have, in the popular emotion which will be mobilized by the blanket code, a mighty weapon to fight with.

Mr. Roosevelt's radio speech last week launching the N.R.A. blanket code was, in my opinion, one of the great tests of his career, and he knew it. In appealing to employers to enroll under the code, he added the words, "write or telegraph me personally at the White House." There was the authentic Roosevelt genius. Mr. Roosevelt knew very well that the impulse would be irresistible for a business man, surrounded by spellbound relatives, to turn away from the radio, grasp a non-leakable fountain pen and indite: "Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt," followed by the magic address: "The White House, Washington, D. C." And Mr. Roosevelt knew this impulse would be irresistible because a similar device was used, with stupendous success, during his pre-convention presidential campaign. Some weeks before the Democratic Convention at Chicago, a form letter was mailed to each of the more than one hundred thousand Democratic county committeemen throughout the United States. The form letter ended with the injunction: "Reply to me personally at my home, 49 East Sixty-fifth Street, New York City." A county committeeman is a pretty lowly political animal. To think—as apparently most of the one hundred thousand did—that the great man wanted to enter into a confidential correspondence, was unimaginably flattering. When the Chicago Convention finally met, state leader after state leader was forced to report the inexplicable growth of Roosevelt sentiment among the rank and file of his organization. This bedrock of Roosevelt sentiment, I believe, had a definite influence on the feeble showing made by the anti-Roosevelt coalition.

The great Moley-Hull feud—the first open break within the Roosevelt administration—still burns brightly. The chief new development is that Dr. Moley has apparently slipped, temporarily at least, from Mr. Roosevelt's favor. He no longer is in and out of the Executive Offices, no longer dining with the official family and attending the White House evening movies. Since his return from the London Conference, Dr. Moley, in fact, has been only transitorily in Washington. At the State Department, he has been assigned to war debts, which sounds very much like a polite form of indefinite leave. According to reports trickling in here from London, Secretary Hull, upon his arrival in Washington, intended to demand Dr. Moley's head. For some reason Mr. Hull seems to have become convinced that Dr. Moley, while in London, attempted to carry on an intrigue, directed against Mr. Hull, within the American delegation. Oddly enough, Mr. Hull is reported not to feel that he was in any way let down, during the Conference negotiations, by Mr. Roosevelt. All the monumental misfortunes which befell the United States delegation at London, Mr. Hull attributes to the influence of the miscreant Moley. However, as we pointed out in this place some time ago, Mr. Roosevelt's charm is unsurpassable, and if Mr. Roosevelt feels it important to bring about a reconciliation between Mr. Hull and Dr. Moley, he will do so.

Perhaps the happiest man in Washington nowadays is Professor George F. Warren of Cornell, the symmetallist. Professor Warren is one of the economists called in by the President to devise specifications for a stable dollar. An accurate reporter must record that Mr. Roosevelt, among his many virtues, does not possess any marked flair for economic theory. Mr. Roosevelt thinks it ought to be possible to fabricate a dollar which, by its own mysterious quality, will hold the same value in commodities permanently. That a stable price level necessarily must involve a high degree of social control over the whole business structure is something which has not yet dawned on him. Professor Warren's symmetallic dollar, with its elaborately varied contents, greatly intrigues Mr. Roosevelt, and Professor Warren is now being pushed forward as one of the administration's white hopes.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Skids under Speculation—Bear Baiting—Wholesome Fun in the Wheat Pit—The Gamblers in Clover

THERE is simply no use talking about it—the professional machine politician and the professional speculative operators look upon the public and the public's representatives as saps. And with good reason. For years I have been watching reformers who just dabble in politics weave first one and then another law to curb the activities of the wicked boss in elections. Always I have seen the boss first fight the new idea, then become quite uninterested in it. Suddenly when the next election rolls around it is discovered that the new scheme has made things easier than ever for the boss.

It is so in finance, only somewhat worse. The gap between the knowledge of the amateur and the professional in speculative finance is far wider than in the case of the political ringster and his dilettante foe. Efforts to correct racketeering in finance and speculation are never attempted until some disaster shakes us. Then in the excitement of the moment there are mad outcries, demands for changes in the system and finally the stock exchange or the commodity exchange comes forward with a "reform." The reforming besiegers declare themselves satisfied and ride away. But almost invariably the "reform" merely adds a new weapon to the arsenal of the buccaneers who have a good laugh over their defeat.

Take, for instance, what has just happened in the grain exchanges. There the prices of wheat, rye and corn were

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driven up by scandalous speculations to very high levels. In the rye market one operator—Doc Crawford, a former physician who quit pill-giving for grain-gambling—effected a practical corner in rye. But the market broke and in turn broke the doctor. The market in wheat likewise broke violently and went slithering down twelve cents one day and nineteen cents the next. All sorts of gamblers in grain with insufficient margins were caught.

Immediately we heard wild yawps from the ballyhooists of prosperity. This crash in the market was due to bear raiders, they charged. It was a blow at recovery. It was the work of gambling rascals. Something must be done to prevent such crashes. Senator Thomas demanded regulations by the grain and stock exchanges to limit the decline in prices in any one day. That sounded foolish enough. And yet, foolish as it seemed, it has actually been put into effect on the grain exchange.

The Chicago Board of Trade, in a pious gesture, delivers to the Secretary of Agriculture a set of rules, the chief of which is that fluctuations in wheat, rye and barley shall be limited to five cents, in corn to four cents and in oats to three cents in any one day. On its face this limits movements in prices both up and down. One might suppose this would restrain improper rises as well as dips. But a simple glance at what happens on the grain exchange will reveal that in actual practice the limitation will have an important effect only on the declines.

It will not prevent the grain gamblers like Doc Crawford from driving prices up whenever they find the circumstances favorable, because prices do not rise with the same precipitous rush with which they descend. If you will look at the high and low prices for wheat in the thirty days preceding the crash, while these riggers were pushing the price up, you will see that the five-cent fluctuation limit was all they needed. From June 19 to July 18 inclusive, the swings in the price of September wheat were around three and four cents a day. On only three days did they rise as high as five cents—June 26, 27 and 28—and on those three days the difference between high and low was just a fraction over five cents.

The same thing was true of December and May wheat. This was also true of rye, save that twice the swings reached eight.

But when the break came on July 19, September wheat sank 12 points, December wheat 12 points and May wheat a trifle more. Rye went down 13 points. Then next day wheat went down around 19 points and rye 24 points. So it will be seen that in practice this rule, while it will not prevent price boosting, will check price declines. In other words, the old bull folly of this country is at work. We will give the gamblers a free hand to push prices up by all sorts of speculative manipulation and then by rules we will keep the prices up.

What a paradise for the gamblers! In the past they have always had to worry about that day of reckoning when the market turn would overtake them and when their margins would be called hurriedly. Now they need not trouble themselves about that so much. This is the grandest weapon that has been put into the hands of market operators in years.

When will this bedeviled, frisked, busted, tricked and duped country learn the simple lesson that the only thing that produces crashes is excessive market increase? It is always chasing after bear raiders and gamblers who make markets go down. They never make them go down. They make them go up. The markets go down when they push them too high. The time to take measures for preventing crashes is at the moment when these fellows are putting things up. The trouble with us is that we don't want to prevent them from putting things up. We would just love it if all the gamblers in La Salle Street and Wall Street would shove the prices up and up and up and then produce a law which would declare those prices eternal until some more gamblers could be found with more tricks to put them up some more.

The limited-fluctuation rule is futile and stupid and will have no other effect on the market than to intensify gambling, since it will operate as a kind of insurance for the gambler.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Rio Grande

Rio Grande, by Harvey Fergusson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 296 pages, illustrated. $3.

OUT OF the doubtless contemptibly small world of my experience I have observed that many of my acquaintances who know most about the Human Society know the least about people, and that many of those most promotive of principles, sweeping horizons with their theory, have the poorest perception of what is under their noses. This observation would not, obviously, apply to great thinkers; it is aimed at all the smaller fry who sputter and write and make their professions out of finding the wrong and by settling the hash in so many words—unconsciously at so much a word—of any old situation that they have either cause or an editorial order to contemplate. In the obsolete phraseology of the Bible compassion was credited with bowels; and so it may be assumed that competition in what-is-to-be-done-about-it has also viscera to be disturbed. In this sense peace be to all those thinkers who so fruitfully conclude what they could never have begun. It is only my misfortune if some integrity of the emotions (which may easily be stirred from the viscera, the income, the bottle, or the eyes opposite at table) is for me not readily translated into theories and social inferences that are sinister for all people with any solid bases of living. Some of my most notable friends, therefore, I am able to follow as social *soprani* or, shall I say, fluttering insides; but their judgments and decisions seem to me negligible.

It was necessary to say this in order to make clear what I mean when I say that Mr. Harvey Fergusson's book about the Southwest is least good in its latest sections. He gives a picture of the New Mexico towns and the towns of Arizona since the machine came in, railroads, industry, but does not at this point save civilization with some solvent liberally gleaned from liberal sources. He merely says that Chicago and Los Angeles and Denver and all the other great cities of the West are New Town (in Arizona or New Mexico) grown colossal. They are the pioneer dream of progress become an overwhelming reality. They have obliterated everything that went before. But in New

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Mexico the seed of the machine fell upon sterile soil. It encountered a peculiarly resistant environment. Fifty years of progress have left the face of the earth amazingly unchanged. Only a tiny fraction of it is cultivated. The mesas, made of sand and lava, stand as bare as ever and feed nothing but a few sheep. The government undertook to save the forests and it became in effect the keeper of the mountains, so that they are always as they were. The towns at best reach a modest size and then grow very slowly if at all. For dreams of wealth this Southwest country is only a graveyard.

On the other hand Mr. Fergusson, writing of his country, does not become in these concluding chapters the California realtorian, with an admission that it is a fine sunset if he does say so himself. He makes only the claim, which certainly cannot offend Denver, Chicago or Woodstock, that the artists going to New Mexico to live have become more a part of the general life, of the place and of the past, than in most art colonies. And he speaks of the efforts of the Indian's devotees who have, not without some absurdity but also with success in postponing the Indian's extinction, flooded the country with pamphlets of Indian wrongs, helped force bills through at Washington and caused Senators and Congressmen "to engage in solemn and bewildered investigation of the aboriginal soul." Just as an individual destiny, however peculiar, seems to have, if viewed with detachment and sympathy, a universal quality, so does the story of this region seem to its historian. To him this story describes the aboriginal America typical of all primitive life. It presents the last thrust of religious empire on our continent, and the decay of a lost and isolated fragment of that empire. His account of this region of the Southwest, with its astonishing ability to resist the effects of time and change, has indisputable veracity; but it is, as he says, a veracity that is psychological rather than factual.

The volume, indeed, would in my opinion gain here and there for an inserted date or number—the "great" houses, for example, of the *gente de razon,* the *ricos,* in New Mexico, had how many rooms or what space, what sort of "magnificence," or in just what years were the 700 Indians sent to the Spanish Queen, who sent them on to Cuba? Such matters purely for reference are handy. But on the whole the account is brilliantly accurate, with that accuracy which no mere intention or labor can ever achieve. It contrives, in the first and more elusive portions especially, a certain effect of intuition, as if these things were purely divined; but this intuitive semblance will be found to be not only alive with the accuracy characteristic of art, but subtle as well, final, cumulative and fecund. The rivers flow, the mesas and mountains rise in the hard sun, the races mingle, fight, die and survive, and suddenly you understand the earth there and the relation of its permanence to the life on it that has proved lasting. The canyon is a center of a country where men have lived in permanent houses longer than anywhere else in the United States. An Indian seldom cuts trees to plant a crop. Sex is a sacred thing, symbol of the sprouting grain and the fructifying passion of the storm; and the corn dance the pantomime of the union of earth and sky in the long caress of the rain. To the Pueblo desire is at once a subject for laughter and for prayer.

The man writing has seen, among the river-bathers, smooth bodies and erect, never knotted with muscle and never stooped or twisted; he has heard these people, if far off from the towns, singing spontaneously a chant to the rising sun. He records the dances, the songs, elusively and translucently, and the houses: "Dancing and building," Havelock Ellis says, "are the two primary and essential arts. Dancing stands at the source of all the arts that express themselves first in the human person, and building is the beginning of all the arts that lie outside it." Mr. Fergusson all through his account writes without the sex-thwarted anthropological mawking that the region has too often invited; nor has he any of that dogmatic exclusion to be found in those persons who the more they write about Hopis and pots and weaving the less you think they know of any sort of art.

On the explorers this book is admirably without sentiment and as admirably full of poetic penetration. And the account of Josiah Gregg, author of the famous "Commerce of the Prairies," is excellent. It was partly the nature of the nineteenth-century civilization in America that drove him wandering. And it is true that Gregg suggests an early example of "the typical American individualism, which combines an intolerance of restraint with a craven fear of public opinion and the social discipline, making us at once the most lawless and the most conforming and herd-ruled people on earth." Gregg was one of the "Prairie Men"; but before his type came the "Mountain Men." The Spanish pioneers were men of religious discipline for whom gold was the material talisman. When Spain faded, such types passed with her, and mysteriously an impulse died in one race and was reborn in another. But the "Mountain Men," coming from the Anglo-Saxon lands that lay to the east, "were for the most part Godless individualists," and in them fur was made the excuse for an insatiable adventuring toward death and the unknown.

Of all the material for such a book as this about the valley of the Rio Grande, doubtless the most familiarly tempting and easy of melodrama and effect is the Penitentes, the flagellant sect that came to New Mexico with the Third Order of St. Francis. They have been heavily played up in many an article and evocation, not to speak of tourist propaganda. When he was a boy of thirteen Mr. Fergusson first saw the Penitentes' celebrations of Holy Week. To him then they were only "a delightful horror. . . . It is the diversities of life that strike us first. Time reveals the unities, bringing a sort of comprehension for anything man may do. . . . The Mexican embraces death because he loves life, because death is a part of life and until death has been accepted, life is but a subterfuge." The whole account here is without glare, and may be the best in the book. It is accomplished without either turning foolish or missing the miracle. Its rival is a chapter in another vein, that on the tremendous Armijo, sometime Governor and patriot, not without *opéra-bouffe,* not without great power, not without prospect of being for us a rich travesty of democratic weakness, of politics and of the sacred voice of the people.

Padre Martinez comes close to this Armijo chapter's eminence, as well as being in himself a man of remarkable genius. It was he who, after the world he knew was doomed and the Americans on their way to take the reins,

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was asked by one of the pupils of his school what kind of a government the American was. Already on the way to substitute for theology and canon law the study of civil law and the English language, he replied that the American government was republican and added that a republic was "a burro on which the lawyers jog along much better than the priests." These Americans of Mr. Fergusson's, coming to this Rio Grande country, have their virtues and the bright scale of their personalities full credited to them. At the same time we are able to observe our old familiar Anglo-Saxon power to be morally shocked at what we can immorally buy, and to condemn what we find we must displace. But this, no doubt, shows that we are very human. There were even moments when we skinned and cooked a bit of Indian flesh, but, then, we were lost in a wide prairie, and trappers had once found cooked white man in a captured Digger camp. As a matter of fact, for all this mutual cannibalism, there is less clash in race pyschologies here than in another case we read of. A good Yankee spent the night in a Mexican peon's home, where the peon, his wife, children, goats and dogs all slept in the one room, and high above them on a genteel perch was the game-cock, which crowed all through the night. Every time it crowed and awoke the Mexican, he would say proudly, "How sweetly sings my bird!" STARK YOUNG.

A COMMUNICATION

Notes on Some Left-Wing Critics

SIR: The literate American who pretends an interest in current life or literature has in the last two years almost been swamped with what advocates of the movement call "the approach from the left." In books and articles, and even embedded in novels and book reviews, a depressed world has been informed that only through communism could salvation be achieved. . . .

Fortunately or unfortunately, it quickly became apparent that communism in this country was going nowhere. I am more than content that it die rapidly. Any movement that hopes to save a world composed of the diverse and subtle elements embraced in human creatures by a social plan simplified to the neuter form of some mythical common-denominator man is indeed too romantic to progress far. Utopia in this world is not so easily won. Recognition of that fact has already killed this promising movement as far as its social value is concerned. But it has been our fate, in America, for literary men to join such parties at the moment when the party itself died, and the wake has disturbed our society with a noisy turbulence.

If history does repeat itself, as in this case seems likely, then for months we shall continue to be afflicted with books, articles, reviews and stories that prove the corpse slumbers and will soon be awakened by these shouts and murmurs. Since this must happen, I for one should like to enter a plea for an improved revolutionary vocabulary. A civilized reader can struggle through a very short article with fair comfort, since in two thousand words the dullest writer can hardly repeat "our petty-bourgeois ideology" or "the Marxian approach" more than a dozen times. But even the most tolerant reader must rebel when these clumsy phrases, never carefully defined or exactly used, appear on almost every page of a large book.

Mr. V. F. Calverton's "The Liberation of American Literature" is at this time one of the most ambitious attempts to give communism respectability. With a certainty which we have come to expect from these writers, he proclaims that our only worthwhile writers today are John Dos Passos, Michael Gold and Charles Yale Harrison, though he does admit signs of promise in Edmund Wilson, Theodore Dreiser and a few others. Many other judgments and statements seem equally astounding. I am willing to forgive such naïveté, on the shaky but tenable esthetic assumption that every man has a right to like whatever he wants to like.

But I do insist that a man writing with the fires of revolution in his veins should communicate that fiery draught through his prose. Instead I find only loose terms repeated on every page, to link the most radically diverse men. Thoreau and Longfellow, Jefferson and Hamilton, are really bedfellows and blood kinsmen. Have men no shading, no individuality? Must we all be dead white or coal black? This highest of romanticisms is confusing enough. But it is more than confusing, it is irritating, to discover that our English language offers no words to describe each man save "petty bourgeois"; that we can obtain artistic and social redemption only through a mythical "proletariat" present in a hundred different phrases, to represent a hundred different degrees of thought and expression. Also, though the term "approach from the left" must be explained by the "petty-bourgeois ideology" of an earlier but "bourgeois" revolution, it seems to have only one synonym—the "Marxian approach." . . .

Another term that has grown sacrosanct enough to require capitals is "revolutionary cause," with its variant, "revolutionary party." These words explain all things. For one example, Mr. Granville Hicks, in a recent review of John Herrmann's novel, "Summer Is Ended," remarked that only great artistry could make this work, and Herrmann's novelette, "The Long Short Trip," so consistently dull. I have never met Mr. Herrmann, but I could give a far more plausible explanation: that a dull book and a dull mind are almost invariably synonymous. But Mr. Hicks, in one all-inclusive sentence, destroyed this simple explanation. Mr. Herrmann is interested in the "revolutionary cause." Therefore he cannot have a dull mind. Here is logic that might well confuse even those medieval scholastics who had infinite numbers of angels dancing on an infinitesimal point, but I can only repeat that the Marxian vocabulary, though limited and repetitious, allows marvelous flexibility in all things except words.

The most amusing, as well as most completely asinine, proof of this last statement can be found in a recent article in The Nation. Here Mr. Clifton Fadiman, then editor-in-chief of Simon & Schuster and Lord High Executioner of the Classics, proved beyond all doubt that Goethe can have no meaning for those of us who live in this year of revolution. The man had never heard of Communism, of the left wing or the Marxian approach, and did not even suspect that he was deluding the world with a petty-bourgeois philosophy. Goethe even appeared willing to conform to a vicious, antiquated, social system, provided he were allowed liberty to concern himself with

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the aspirations of the individual, as person and as spirit.

Presumably, in the perfect world we shall soon know, the individual will have no place, though it may prove necessary (if we carry Mr. Fadiman's implications to a logical conclusion, which is always fatal) to replace men with robots before perfect perfection can be obtained. And Goethe with all his fellows must stand condemned as worthless, because none of them knew the proper catch-words or employed the proper means to show us the way to a standardized Utopia. . . .

It may be a pity that these gentlemen have dismissed so many things as worthless. They have so oversimplified life that today, though they talk more loudly than ever, they have been quietly and effectively dismissed. Even a romantic world could not stomach such easy, generalized romanticism. But though communism as a practical issue is dead, our literary racketeers will continue to capitalize on the "revolutionary cause," until that cause can be bled no longer. For that reason, I feel that our better Marxian critics should enlarge their vocabularies, should attempt to write well enough so that we can read them without grinding of teeth and muttered maledictions.

Nashville, Tenn. EDD WINFIELD PARKS.

Shadow and Shade

The shadow streamed into the wall—
The wall, break-shadow in the blast;
We lingered wordless while a tall
Shade enclouded the shadow's cast.

The torrent of the reaching shade
Broke shadow into all its parts,
What then had been of shadow made
Found exigence in fits and starts

Where nothing properly had name
Save that still element, the air,
Burnt sea of universal frame
In which impounded now we were:

I took her hand, I shut her eyes,
And all her shadow clove with shade;
Shadow was crushed beyond disguise
But, being fear, was unafraid.

I asked fair shadow at my side:
"What more shall fiery shade require?"
We lay there, in the immense tide
Of shade and shadowy desire

And saw the dusk assail the wall,
The black surge mounting crash the stone.
"Companion of this lust, we fall,"
I said, "lest we should die alone."

ALLEN TATE.

CORRESPONDENCE

Esthetics and Public Works

SIR: Speaking personally rather than as secretary of the Regional Planning Association of America, I should like to add my voice to the excellent plea Mr. William Lescaze has made for modern architecture in the new housing and public works that will be undertaken under the N. R. A. [The New Republic, July 26]. In its memorandum to the administration, the Regional Planning Association expressed the same desire in a negative fashion not alone in warning against taking past models as a precedent for new housing, but in laying down minimal modern standards for housing. These standards have been met, in adequate esthetic forms, only by the group represented in Europe by Oud, Gropius, van der Rohe and their associates, and in America for the most part by some of the younger architects. They demand fresh thinking, fresh modes of construction, a fresh feeling for the forms of modern living, for the realities of industrial and recreational and domestic and sexual life today. They can no more be expressed in terms of the bourgeois suburb, with its false scale of values and its pallid good taste and its poisonous picture-book romanticism than the coöperative realities of modern industry can be expressed in terms of a rapacious individualistic profiteering. In its housing, the government has definitely turned its back upon the speculator and the profiteer: it remains, I think, for the Director of Housing to make the government's esthetic policy as clear and as rational as its economic policy, and to announce it publicly.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Amenia, N. Y.

More Thunder over Eisenstein

SIR: In reference to the letter by Mr. Upton Sinclair which appeared in your issue of July 5, about Eisenstein's Mexican film, it will interest your readers to know that Experimental Cinema, together with similar film organizations and film magazines throughout the world, is waging a campaign to publicize the content, meaning and form of Eisenstein's original vision of Mexico. This campaign, the first of its kind in the history of the cinema, has been greatly facilitated by the aid of two Mexican intellectuals who had a great deal to do with the production—Adolphe Best-Maugard, who collaborated with Eisenstein and Alexandrov on the scenario, and Agustin Aragon Leiva, who served for more than a year as Eisenstein's special assistant. Both these Mexicans have already protested, in the most vigorous manner, against the Sinclair-Lesser product, "Thunder Over Mexico," which they have characterized as a "hideous abortion" of "Que Viva Mexico!" . . .

Those of your readers who wish to learn why "Thunder Over Mexico" does not constitute Eisenstein's original concept of Mexico are requested to communicate with Experimental Cinema, 1625 N. Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

SEYMOUR STERN.

Hollywood, Calif.

SIR: . . . "Thunder Over Mexico" is a spurious film. It contains nothing of Eisenstein's original ideas and propositions. It keeps Tissé's marvelous photography and the beauty of Mexico, but it is not Eisenstein's. Everybody knows that a film with that signature means montage by Eisenstein and his group. "Thunder Over Mexico" has the usual Hollywood montage, which absolutely differs from Eisenstein's.

It is absurd to believe what Sinclair says, that Eisenstein wanted to produce many films. It was a film divided into six sections. The film was calculated to last ninety minutes. Sinclair asserts five or seven hours: he cannot make us believe that Eisenstein was an imbecile, or a newborn child. "Thunder Over Mexico" is repugnant stuff. We are tired of thunders; Mexico is no more a land of revolutions than the U. S. A. The materials of "Thunder Over Mexico" were mere incidents in the original plan, which also

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contained those delicious sections entitled "Sandunga," or "Paradise," and the "Fiesta." Separated from them the film is turned automatically into that vulgar Hollywood stuff we are tired of seeing, in which Latin American countries are considered picturesque, colorful and grotesque, with the necessary touch of foolishness and servility. Even the title, "Thunder Over Mexico," is in violent contrast to Eisenstein's name for his projected work: "Que Viva Mexico!"

Rob Wagner's opinion is puerile. He ignores Eisenstein, he ignores what was being done and the moral responsibility Sinclair assumed toward Mexico in making the film. It is also necessary to add that the film had a ridiculously small production cost. Why? Eisenstein got nearly everything free of charge. An immense lot of commodities, facilities and means were offered to him through widespread publication in numerous magazines and newspapers that his film was to be "Que Viva Mexico!" and an epic of the evolution of this country through a period of five thousand years. It was even mentioned as a document to be offered to the National Museum in return for the many facilities Sinclair's corporation received through the sympathy Eisenstein aroused in Mexico.

What is our reward? "*Thunder* Over Mexico" . . . THUNDER! We are tired of that stuff; it denigrates us. Even though we accepted and even suggested it—by we I mean Best-Maugard and me—we did not want it to be used separately.

Suppose Sinclair wants to get back the money he put in the film. He is right. . . . But it is a crime to present this film as Eisenstein's work, for it is not Eisenstein's! It is Lesser's and Riesenfeld's.

We are expecting the final decision in this case when "Thunder Over Mexico" appears before the Mexican Bureau of Censorship. Then the full and approved plans of "Que Viva Mexico!" will be read before an audience composed by prominent officials and the Sinclair-Lesser film will be projected. Comparison will open the truth. The name of Eisenstein and the name of Mexico will then be saved.

AGUSTIN ARAGON LEIVA,
Scientific Editor of El Nacional.

Mexico City, Mexico.

SIR: I am taking the liberty of sending you a copy of a letter that I have just written to Upton Sinclair. Since it is in part an answer to a letter from him published in The New Republic of July 5, it occurred to me that you might care to print, at least in part, my letter in reply.

H. W. L. DANA.

Cambridge, Mass.

[ENCLOSURE]

Dear Upton Sinclair:

. . . Your letter to The New Republic of July 5 fails to answer the fundamental objections to what has been done. It merely tries to shift the blame for mutilation upon Eisenstein himself and in so doing implies that a work of art is the property not of the artist but of the investor. In protecting the interests of the shareholders rather than the interests of Eisenstein, you seem, while preaching the freedom of art, to be practising the subordination of the creative artist to the capitalists. . . .

Eisenstein tells me that even now he is eager for an opportunity to arrange this original film material according to his own plan. If this cutting is done under his supervision at the Soyus Kino, they will expect to be paid for this work out of the proceeds. He will be glad to let you have a large percentage of the profit, though not 100 percent. If you still care more for art than profit, why not let him have a copy of the original film material? Let us see both versions: the picture as Hollywood has reshaped it and the picture as its creator would have it. In quoting with approval the statement that "Thunder Over Mexico" is the "bastard child" of Moscow and Hollywood, you seem to imply that you think it more beautiful than the legitimat child of Moscow and Mexico would have been. In the name of freedom of art, let us see both children and judge for ourselves. . . .

H. L. DANA.

Cambridge, Mass.

A Voice from Rapallo

SIR: To the best of my knowledge one of the "authorities" quoted by your Mr. Chamberlain in The New Republic of May 31 is the author of that fetching remark (made over a decade ago) "I wd. like to accept Maj. Douglas' theory but if I did it wd. make my own books seem so out of date."

I find it difficult to believe that Mr. Chamberlain has made any serious effort to understand Douglas at first hand. His article shows no trace of direct contact with Douglas' own writing, and no serious reader will be content with Chamberlain's summary of what some other alleged economist thinks about Douglas.

Does the N. R. or its critic think that the element TIME can be omitted from all economic computation? More especially when one is considering the circulation of purchasing power?

Ignorance of language itself might lead to supposing a static circulation?

Will Monsieur Chamberlain consider a statement in the following form: *During any given week or month* any and every factory or industry creates a total of prices in excess of the amount of the purchasing power it distributes during that period.

EZRA POUND.

Rapallo, Italy.

Extracts from Letters

P. J. SEARLES, Washington, D. C., writes to ask what has happened to The New Republic during the past two or three months. He accuses us of having "turned into a path of wishy-washy liberalism which in the 1880's would almost have pleased that apostle of stickiness and sentimentality—Gladstone." Mr. Searles says that one would almost believe that we were satisfied with present conditions and advises us to pay a little more attention to "a vigorous attack on the evils of today and the pointing of a way out."

Fred R. Miller, one of the editors of Blast, 55 Mt. Hope Street, New York City, a new magazine devoted to the publication of short stories, announces the appearance of the first issue. It includes work by William Carlos Williams, advisory editor of the magazine, by Miriam Allen de Ford, a translation of a story by E. C. Fabre, and stories by other writers. Blast will appear every other month.

Several authors have written in to ask our readers to send them information concerning the subjects they are working on. Henry W. Lanier of 16 Gramercy Park, New York City, is gathering material for a first volume on the late A. B. Frost, illustrator, humorist and artist of sport. He would like information as to the whereabouts of letters from Mr. Frost or of his more important original drawings. . . . Cyril Clemens of Webster Groves, Missouri, the author of a biography of Josh Billings, is writing the life of Petroleum V. Nasby (David Ross Locke) and would appreciate any letters or reminiscences of the humorist. . . . Elinor Pancoast, of Goucher College, Baltimore, Maryland, is engaged in preparing a biography of Robert Dale Owen and would thank our readers for any information concerning his letters and papers which they may have. . . . Walter Wilson, New Milford, Connecticut, is at work on a history of the common soldier during the World War and would like our readers to send him "clues of their grievances, indignities suffered at the hands of the officer caste, parades in honor of dignitaries, favoritism in the operation of the draft, food, shelter, labor, etc."

Henrietta Gerdes of Chicago writes to protest against Miss Harriet Monroe's letter defending the World's Fair (The New Republic, July 19). Miss Gerdes ascribes Miss Monroe's attitude to "too much reading of La Salle Street's house organ, The Chicago Daily News," and states that "all non-commercial exhibits were introduced only after considerable pressure had been brought to bear" and that the officials in charge "snorted at the idea of including art, music, literature, religion, social science or education in the Exposition; that even laboratory science and medicine were reluctantly admitted."

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André Malraux

NOBODY in this country seems to be doing anything about Malraux, so I suppose it is in order to call attention to him. I am not qualified to deal with his work in any very thoroughgoing fashion, as I have read only two of his books and he has published half a dozen; but I yield to the temptation merely to advertise so fascinating and profitable a writer.

If the recent apotheosis of André Gide has been tending to discourage you with French literature, you will be glad to see the French genius cropping up again in a field where you would least expect it. A fault of much French writing lately has been that it has all seemed to be steeped in the same atmosphere—the atmosphere of the literary game in Paris, with its smug and somewhat self-conscious cultivation of the French literary tradition. André Malraux turns up half the world away from Paris and he nowhere—in either of the books I have read at any rate—pays careful respects to Racine.

The son of a French civil servant in Indo-China, he spent his childhood in the Orient and seems to know it almost as well as he does Europe. And the Orient Malraux knows is not the Orient of Madame Butterfly. In 1928, Malraux published a novel called "Les Conquérants" which dealt with the events of the Chinese revolution in 1925. The reader who picked this book up was dazzled by an unhoped-for searchlight into a region which had previously seemed distant and dim. Here was a picture, evidently based on intimate knowledge, of the conflict of forces in modern China, with every figure, European or oriental, thrown into brilliant relief, every Chinese waterfront or street—junks and steamers, pagodas, bars and banks—visible with astonishing distinctness. And here was something more—something one had not yet found in fiction to the same intense degree: the peculiar psychological atmosphere of stress, with its own attitudes, moralities, passions, which is coming to pervade the contemporary world.

"Les Conquérants" has been translated (as "The Conquerors")—at the suggestion of Aldous Huxley, I am told—but has had no success at all in England—a failure which may be due partly to the odious role played in the book by the English. It has fared equally badly, however, over here. Harcourt, Brace brought it over and sold only eight hundred copies. But in spite of this, I urge the English and American publishers—especially now that the reviewers seem to be taking Jules Romains as solemnly as he takes himself—to consider seriously bringing out a translation of Malraux's new and even more important novel, "La Condition Humaine."

I have spoken of Malraux's achievement in conveying the peculiar sense of strain produced by the antagonisms of modern society. The publication of "Les Conquérants" was followed by a controversy between Malraux and Trotsky in La Nouvelle Revue Française. (Trotsky's two papers are included in his "Problems of the Chinese Revolution.") Trotsky complained, not without some justification, that Malraux, in choosing a revolutionary for a hero, had "introduced into his observations a small note of blasé superiority, seeming to excuse himself for his transient contact with the insurrection of the Chinese people, as much perhaps to himself as to the academic mandarins in France and the traffickers in spiritual opium." This is putting it a little too strongly; but it is true that Malraux's hero, Garin, has a certain alloy of pure old-fashioned romanticism. There are moments when he seems simply another René or Manfred, somber, tortured, terrifying, a fierce and solitary rebel, seeking in the revolution what René sought in the forests of the New World, desperately grasping his bureau of propaganda as Byron did his expedition to Greece. Part Swiss and part Russian and originally an anarchist, he hates the bourgeoisie without real fellow-feeling for the masses: "'I don't love humanity. I don't love even the poor, the people—those in fact for whom I'm fighting.' 'But you like them better than the others.' . . . 'I like them better, but only because they're beaten. Yes, on the whole they have more feeling, more humanity, than the others—they have the virtues of the beaten. What's absolutely certain, however, is that I have nothing but hatred and disgust for the bourgeoisie from whom I come. But as for the others, I know very well that they'd become abject as soon as we had conquered together. We have our fight in common—that's clear at any rate.'" His dominant passion, he declares, is for power, and in the last scenes, worn out with his work and dying of malaria and dysentery, he protests in his delirium that he is sorry he did not choose to put himself at the service of England instead: it is with the Empire that the real power lies. Yet in spite of his egoism and his doubt, he sticks by the revolution and on the last page is receiving the dispatches which tell him the revolution has won. Trotsky expressed the opinion that what Garin needed was "a good inoculation of Marxism." In reply, Malraux was able to intimate that there was something of Garin in Trotsky—pointing out that when you read in the autobiography of the latter "the moving account of his fall, you forget that he is a Marxist, and perhaps he forgets it himself."

Malraux also protested that his book was not—what Trotsky had called it—a "novelized chronicle" of the Chinese revolution, "because the principal emphasis is on the relation between individuals and a collective action, not in the collective action alone." And he explains, "the book is first of all a presentation of the human situation *(une accusation de la condition humaine)*."

His new book is called "La Condition Humaine" and develops in a more explicit way the ideas implicit in "Les Conquérants." "La Condition Humaine" is a much more ambitious, and a more remarkable, book than "Les Conquérants." In the latter, Garin pretty well holds the spotlight and there is an "I" who plays the role of Dr. Watson, deeply agitated by his hero's every utterance and standing by inexhaustibly wide-eyed while Garin receives portentous telegrams. He plays also the role of Marlow. He is, in fact, our old friend the fictional observer who, with a more or less conventional point of view, looks on at a mystery or a moral problem. In his new novel, however, Malraux gets rid of the European observer and meets Trotsky's challenge. Dealing with cultures the most diverse, moral systems the most irreconcilable, he establishes a position outside them which enables him to dispense with the conventional formulas alike of the "academic mandarins" and of the Communists. I do not know of any modern book which dramatizes so successfully such varied social types and temperaments. Beside it, even E. M. Forster's admirable "A Passage to India" seems provincial; you even—what rarely happens to the reader of a French novel—forget that the author is French. Malraux shows you the old Buddhist China beside its half-Europeanized children; the vaporing imagination of ruined aristocratic Europe beside the hard will to money of the European business king; the American Calvinist missionary unwittingly building the character of the young Chinese terrorist; and, growing up under all the

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rest like the elm that splits the pavement, the new world of the revolutionary Marxist which is reorienting all the moralities. Nor is this handled in the manner of the journalist, as Paul Morand would have done it, for example. Malraux's characters are thoroughly explored and created as personalities. We not only witness their acts and see their relation to the political-social scene: we share their most intimate sensations.

The handling of this huge and complicated subject must have given the author considerable difficulty. Malraux has evidently sat down to it like an engineer trying to design a structure which would meet a new set of conditions; and an occasional clumsiness of mechanics appears. Malraux's device of theatricalizing in scenes his exposition of political events, to which we owe Garin and his eternal dispatches, here leads him to cast his political analysis in the form of conversations so exhaustive and so perfectly to the point—in spite of the author's careful particularization of the characters—as sometimes to lack verisimilitude. And we are sometimes thrown off the track when a psychological parenthesis suddenly butts into a paragraph which had seemed to deal with the "objective conditions" or when a description which had seemed as objective as a colored picture postcard of Shanghai suddenly takes a subjective turn.

Yet on the whole Malraux has met his problems with amazing originality and skill. He has a special genius for effects of contrast. The opening of "La Condition Humaine," which follows the activities of a Communist group —a Chinese, a half-breed Jap, a Belgian and a Russian—the night before the insurrection in Shanghai, is a masterly dramatization. Tchen's initial inability to bring himself to murder the man from whom he must steal the orders for the guns and his immediate realization afterwards of his terrorist's vocation; Baron Clappique's romances in the night club and his subsequent revelation of his ignoble trade; Kyo's wife's confession that, in the excitement of the war, on the eve of the insurrection, she has been unfaithful to him, and its repercussions on revolutionary solidarity; Tchen's report of what he has done and felt to his Buddhist-sociologist master, Gisors, and Gisors' prompt liquidation of his own anxiety and horror in an opium dream where the ripples from a boat on a lake full of water lilies spread out to sweep all horror and anxiety into the purity and peace of the Divine—followed immediately by the scene of the real boat putting out in Shanghai harbor to steal the guns for the insurrection: the shock of each surprise is a flash which illuminates the conflicts and anomalies of the tense international city.

I have spoken of Malraux's success in avoiding conventional formulas. Where, however, is his frame of reference, his center? He wants, he says, to show us the human situation. What is his view of the human situation? He makes his philosopher, Gisors, explain: what every human being really wants is not the object of his ambition itself, but to escape from the conditions of life, to give oneself the illusion of being God. Gisors himself attains this through opium; Tchen through assassination—an assassination in which he must immolate himself and be not only the destroyer but the destroyed; Ferral, the French captain of commerce, tries to reach it through his sexual relations, where he must imagine himself in the roles of both the possessor and the possessed; even Clappique finds it at the gambling table, where he identifies himself with the roulette ball, the master of both gain and loss; the Japanese Kyo rises above life when, for the sake of the revolution, he commits hara-kiri with cyanide; and Katow, the Russian Communist, gives his cyanide to brother Communists whose morale is weaker than his, when they have all been condemned to be burnt to death. Tchen, Malraux lets us know, has saved his soul; Kyo has saved his, too, and more nobly; and Katow most nobly of all because he can save it only in saving others.

There is thus something else in Malraux's book besides Gisors' generalized idea of the escape from the human situation. The events described in "La Condition Humaine," which occurred in 1927, must have been still going on while "Les Conquérants," published in 1928, was being written. At the end of the earlier novel, the revolution—then the revolution of Garin as well as of Chiang Kai-shek—is presumed to be victorious; in the later, the Communists fail, sold out by Chiang Kai-shek to the interests of Western capital and paralyzed by the faulty policy of the Comintern. Malraux seems, as Trotsky recommended, to have made some progress in Marxism. His interpretation of events is now essentially Marxist, though he never, as I have said, allows himself to slip into the easy Marxist formulas; and though the criticism brought by his characters against the line of the Comintern is more or less that of Trotsky, he maintains in relation to Trotsky, too, an attitude of independence. Marxism, he makes Gisors say, is not a doctrine but a will; and it is simply that in the world Malraux presents, Marxism is the only will capable of animating persons he admires. "La Condition Humaine" ends with Gisors, who has lost his son Kyo, sinking back into the culture of the East and hitting up the opium pipe, while May, Kyo's widow, sets out for Moscow.

EDMUND WILSON.

Love Among the Maggots

Livingstones, by Derrick Leon. New York: The John Day Company. $2.50.

ENGLISH novels that reach this country smeared with the praise of a dozen English reviewers are rightly suspect, and when Hugh Walpole, Gerald Gould and The Times Literary Supplement *("must rank high among the fiction of the last twenty years"—The Times)* agree that a book is excellent, even a generous reader ought to be on his guard. There are exceptions; after all, these people praise so many books they must catch a readable one occasionally.

"Livingstones" is the first novel of a very young English writer; it is extremely long, frequently repetitious, carefully and conscientiously written. It revolves around one of those hothouse flowers—a classy interior-decorating establishment—that blossomed during the boom years and withered so quickly in the depression. Mr. Leon has rejected the pattern of the conventional modern first novel, the sensitive boy at war with his environment, and has attempted to find a method, a subject, a point of view, which would enable him to deal with more varied kinds of activity than were possible under the old formula. He introduces about thirty characters directly or indirectly connected with the firm of Livingstones: salesmen, decorators, bored society women, stenographers, seamstresses, an unemployed worker, a cruel and lustful daughter of wealth, an elderly customer in love with the brawny and brainless son of the head of the firm. The beautiful daughter of wealth breaks the heart of an attractive young salesman; the unemployed man jumps in the river; a seamstress secretly loves the heartbroken salesman; Mr. Livingstone builds a gaudy villa and fires his best workers; his wife intends to run away with a childhood companion, only to discover that

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the man she has chosen for her lover is homosexual. Much of the time Mr. Leon seems too absorbed in keeping the threads untangled to notice what his puppets are doing, with the result that they fall into all sorts of grotesque postures without his seeming to know it.

What is most interesting about the novel, however, is that the author so frequently seems to recognize the emptiness of the life he describes, to be revolted at the pettiness of the emotions he analyzes, and to be at the point of damning his characters wholesale. Then he draws back: "No," he seems to say, "these people, too, are human; they must have their good points." So he rummages through tea parties, bedroom scenes, literary conversations, in the hope of turning up something of value, some little justification for the existence of his leisure class, some superior taste, talent, understanding, culture—anything at all which would make their privileges and their comfort emotionally and intellectually acceptable. He does not find anything, but neither does he seem to recognize the implications of his failure. He turns to the workers, but his unemployed man is a flabby abstraction like the workers in Halper's "Union Square," who gives up without a struggle and dies without pain; his seamstress is an enigma out of Dostoevsky, one of those weird symbolic prostitutes you cannot imagine ever running a sewing machine. Mr. Leon is really between fires. He cannot blind himself enough to celebrate the bourgeoisie, although you feel that he would like to be able to celebrate it; he cannot ignore the workers, as writers of his type generally do, but neither can he search for values in their lives as he does in classes above them.

"Livingstones" finally goes to pieces in a really sensational manner; it explodes; the characters fly in all directions. Some are buried in the ruins of the plot and are never seen again, while others reappear, but so bruised and mangled they are no longer recognizable. Russia? the salesman thinks, staring into the river, at least in Russia. . . . After he is pulled out of the river he dreams about miners picking coal, girls in workshops, men at machines in factories, in laboratories, working and struggling—his wealthy sweetheart has just married a fairy. In the end, Mr. Leon finds a little grace in Mrs. Livingstone, who befriends the salesman and the seamstress; she is presented as a gently tragic figure, and her ineffectual kindliness is all that the author finds to admire. The sense that his search is sincere and troubled saves his story from being ridiculous, but even the solution is artificial—is a well fed, healthy woman, who has just discovered that a man she doesn't care for is perverted, a properly tragic figure? If she is, then what, in God's name, is proper material for satire?

ROBERT CANTWELL.

Ethics before the Bar

Ethical Systems and Legal Ideals, by Felix S. Cohen. New York: Falcon Press. 314 pages. $3.75.

THE "ETHICAL MAN" is an abstraction and a paradox—an animal who knows what is right; a God who is capable of wrong; the common essence which all men exhibit but none exemplifies. He is an ideal and a standard, a creature whose judgments are infallible criteria of what is really good. So far as ethics is understood to be the science which is concerned with the analysis, definition and description of such an entity and the goods which are relevant to him, it is obviously a subject foundational to all the social sciences. Politics, economics, education and law are either futile or dangerous if pursued without cognizance of what is right and natural to the "ethical man," and thus what is best for every man. They are in fact special disciplines in the great work of attaining societies which shall be compacted of ethical beings—men who remain individuals in manifesting the common character of the "ethical man."

It is one of the signal virtues of the present work that it is very definitely aware of the dependence of law, and particularly legal criticism, on ethics, a point which is underscored and supported from many angles. This point of view, so plausible to the philosopher and the man in the street, is almost a heresy to the legal philosopher. Dr. Cohen, rather conscious of his heresy, replies to his opponents—almost the whole galaxy of great legal names—in the manner adopted by all heretics, convinced beyond cavil that they alone are right—he runs roughshod over objections, brilliantly answering some, sophistically avoiding others, and at all times rather passionately opposed to all. But his book makes decidedly provocative and interesting reading. The position Dr. Cohen defends, I think, is stronger than he reveals it to be, largely because he does not see that his opposition to others is frequently verbal and rarely irreconcilable or basic. His entire discussion of the law smells too much of the controversies in the legal journals and suffers by its shrewdness.

A sharp change in attitude and style characterizes what is really the heart of the book—a chapter of over one hundred pages on the nature of the good. It is devoted to the double task of defining ethical notions and of indicating and discussing all the possible alternative views that can be maintained in ethics. Taking "good" as a primitive, undefined concept, he proceeds to define such ethical notions as better, worse, indifferent, ought, right, wrong, etc., in terms of it. Thus "A is better than B" is defined as "There is an event C such that the logical [external] conjunction of C and A is good, while the conjunction of C and B is not good," a definition which employs no concepts but that of the good and the abstract variables and constants of logic. This very ingenious procedure (which has its precedents) is invaluable, provided one can subscribe to the suppositions which it involves—one, that ethical events can be significantly conjoined in this external way, and two, that there is a gain in clarity and understanding when a set of concepts is rigorously defined in terms of some given one. Dr. Cohen makes a rather lame defense of the former supposition and passes over the latter in silence. This part of the chapter will have significance only for those to whom these suppositions are already beyond question. I am not one.

Most of this long chapter is devoted to the consideration of possible ethical systems. It is the most difficult but most valuable and original part of the work. Ethics, for Dr. Cohen, is a science—a science being somewhat arbitrarily defined as any subject concerned with the systematic development and verification of possible hypotheses. Such a definition brings him to the task of stating and evaluating all the logical alternatives open to ethical theory, a challenge which he accepts and meets with a willingness and thoroughness which will surprise the reader. All ethical systems differ, for him, in their decision as to whether goodness has a constant or variable meaning, which is or is not identical or equivalent with some other concept such as pleasure, reality, object of interest or will. With refreshing, and almost shocking, honesty, he constantly remarks his inability to choose between the different alternatives he himself has brought to the fore, and ultimately frankly con-

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fesses his inability to decide between two opposed theories "in the shadow of which our legal philosophy must make its very beginning." The most valuable and sustained discussion is to be found in his defense of hedonism—the doctrine that only things which contain a pleasure surplus are intrinsically good and conversely—which, I think, he successfully resuscitates as a respectable ethical doctrine. This chapter, with its presentation of alternatives and its defense of hedonism, is definitely a contribution to ethical thought in the sense that the brilliance of its arguments and the dispassionateness of its procedure demand that it be considered before an alternative or similar view be adopted.

"Ethical Systems and Legal Ideals" might have been a great work; instead it is the writing of an obviously very able man. It suffers mainly because of its ambition, dealing with two diabolically difficult subjects and their interrelation within confines inadequate for only one. Like most books on ethics, it is written in almost complete obliviousness of its metaphysical suppositions—the nature of the individual, his relation to others and to the abstract universals which he exhibits. It takes no explicit cognizance of the concept of the "ethical man" which is frequently and tacitly used, and it seems constantly to confuse the good as judged with the good as something to be judged. The result is a strange book, definitive in no respect and yet so able in parts that it should be seriously perused and considered by all engaged in trying to think clearly regarding values, the social sciences or man.

PAUL WEISS.

Pan-Western Pishogue

De Valera, by Denis Gwynn. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 286 pages. $3.50.

MR. GWYNN'S pages are crowded ones, and Eamon De Valera is the crowd. In his introduction Mr. Gwynn declares his book "is no more than an attempt to discover . . . the secret of his [De Valera's] extraordinary personal ascendancy, and the real object of the program . . . he is at present carrying through." But it proves to be not nearly so much. Once in the field, it is Mr. Gwynn who becomes the quarry. From the start he is at a perpetual crossroads, with De Valeras of startlingly disparate aspects rushing down upon him from all directions, and it is evident that if he but keeps from being run over it will be a fortunate job.

On page 11 Mr. Gwynn finds it a mystery how De Valera's alien characteristics could have made him the leader of the movement toward an Irish republic; and on pages 22-30 we find that, from age two, De Valera's enthusiasm for an Irish Ireland impelled him to be Gaelic in everything from his language to his clothes. He excelled in Irish games and in essays on Irish themes; he married one of the best teachers of Gaelic in the Gaelic League; he wore Irish homespun and begot six children to whom he gave distinctly Irish names. Adding to these points De Valera's great distinction as a scholar and teacher in mathematics and Gaelic, one has difficulty in seeing why the man should not have become a leader of the Irish republican movement. But on page 25 Mr. Gwynn still finds the mystery as thick as ever, remarking his subject's "strangely foreign expression" and noting that, up to August, 1914, the general public knew nothing of him.

With the Easter uprising, 1916, Mr. Gwynn's De Valeras multiply. There is De Valera the reluctant combatant; De Valera the military adept, the commandant who placed his men with most skill, inflicted most damage on the enemy, and held out longer than any other; De Valera the killer of old men, civilians and young Englishmen never under fire before; De Valera the valiant and gallant, and De Valera the wool-gathering fool who regretted that the people failed to "come out with knives and forks." Agitated at the enigma, Mr. Gwynn resorts to a remarkable piece of sarcasm: he emphasizes that Boland's Bakery, where De Valera had his headquarters, and other buildings were severely damaged by the British bombardment, and he makes it plain that he considers this a damning indictment of the callousness of the besieged.

From then on the quest after "the secret of his extraordinary personal ascendancy" becomes an impossible task. On one page De Valera is a lucky addlepate, opportunist and demagogue; on another he is an intransigent logician, driving with implacable precision along a planned route to a carefully determined goal. Now he is the morbidly tender egoist, now the selfless instrument of a people's cause. Here he appears the blundering gawk, there a tactician of such unearthly cunning that Mr. Gwynn cannot withhold a howl of anguish. By 1932 Mr. De Valera is no longer a person or even several persons; he is a protean presence, for the wellbeing of which all things conspire. Half the world becomes a twilight land under a spell, in which Senator Guinness, the Church, the British Empire, the League of Nations, the Irish Labor party and even economic law, if any, grow comatose and genuflect before the powers of an all-prevailing pishogue. All contradictions are lost track of.

> In his opening speech there [says Mr. Gwynn of De Valera's turn at the presidency of the League] he showed rare courage in refusing to accept a ready-made oration and in expressing the dissatisfied attitude of most people toward Geneva; while his conduct as chairman showed remarkable ability and personal dignity. Seldom has any public man been helped so consistently by accidental good fortune.

Not the least of Mr. De Valera's lucky breaks, I think, is the way he attracts opponents about the size of Denis Gwynn, for whom he is so many too many.

MURRAY GODWIN.

The Poet Who Died Twice

The Lost Leader: A Study of Wordsworth, by Hugh l'Anson Fausset. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 447 pages. $3.

THE GERM of this study has been taken from Blake's comment on the conflict in Wordsworth between the mental and the spiritual man. Mr. Fausset has considered the poet's life as a "spiritual event," in the hope of arriving at an analysis more fundamental than those of the critics who have viewed it as an "intellectual or psychological problem." This approach involves Mr. Fausset's own view of the spiritual life, which appears, although not fully stated, and it is intended to present the poet's life as an object lesson for the modern world. For to Mr. Fausset, Wordsworth is at once close to and far from the ideal savior; something more, he feels, should have resulted from Wordsworth's mystic and poetic endowments and from his historical position, from his naturalism, his sense of "aloneness," his experience of instinctive harmony, his connection with the French Revolution, his love affair and his moral suffering.

With other students, Mr. Fausset concentrates on the

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decline of the poet's creative faculty in middle life. But the problem of "The Lost Leader" is not only to describe in reasonable terms the defects in Wordsworth's qualities; it is also to suggest their transfiguration. To Mr. Fausset, the cause of Wordsworth's decline is simply that he would not "be born again." He was vouchsafed a dark night of the soul, and emerged from it only into the sweetness of a common dawn; retired then to the Lakes, celebrated his lost Eden, atrophied, turned pietistic, and became a Tory and a stuffed shirt in general. This course appears in "The Lost Leader" much as in Herbert Read's "Wordsworth," and is similarly based on the researches of Professors Harper and Legouis and on de Selincourt's conclusions from the revisions of the preludes. The treatment of the poet's relations with Annette Vallon closely resembles Mr. Read's version. The Freudian measure is replaced by the spiritual measure, and both Mr. Read and Mr. Fausset are more grieved and more enlightened by this affair than the scholars who brought it to light.

On the other hand, Mr. Fausset has escaped Mr. Read's glib diagnosis of the political apostasy—the recoil from the revolutionary ideal as a substitute for the recoil from the French mistress. But he broods over what the poet would have done if regenerate—indeed, he knows—and we reach the conclusion: Wordsworth's creative power declined in proportion as his belief in property became stronger. Besides illustrating the danger to a critic of strong prepossessions, "The Lost Leader" brings up another point. To most of his critics Wordsworth shone in his own place, and they are content. But Mr. Fausset regrets that he did not shine in his own place and elsewhere, and the position suggests the catch in invoking a poetic Messiah.

LÉONIE ADAMS.

Some Get More

Public Utilities and the People, by William A. Prendergast. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 379 pages. $3.

THIS STUDY of public-utility regulation is one of those books which begin by setting forth the author's intention to be strictly impartial. Mr. William A. Prendergast was formerly the chairman of the New York Public Service Commission; in 1930 he resigned, after charges that he was "utility-minded" had been filed with the Governor. He thereupon accepted the vice-presidency of a utility formerly subject to his supervision, and this book was written while he was drawing $50,000 a year from the banking group which controlled the Long Island Lighting Company. Would these circumstances encourage his impartiality? The burden of proof is on Mr. Prendergast.

He surveys the vast domain of the electrical utilities with an approving eye. He concedes that "it may be that even in the present circumstances domestic rates averaging 5.9 or 6 cents [a kilowatt hour] are too high," but warns us that the "electrical industry is not making *too* much money as a whole" (italics mine). He then cites statistics in an effort to show that domestic rates declined steadily until 1930, but fails to comment on the failure of such rates to drop appreciably during the last three years.

The reason we have a public-utility question, our author confides, is that "politicians" persist in treating it as a political issue and not as a mere problem in economics. It is these agitators, he asserts, who have confused the consumers with the charge that public-utility regulation has broken down, and have misled them with the promise that government ownership will mean lower rates. Mr. Prendergast denies the charge and attempts to cast doubt on the promise. He chides those who urge a more militant attitude on the part of utility commissioners and discovers that public-service commissions are required by the "spirit of the law to be non-partisan." Public ownership is not sound, according to this candid utility executive, who decides that it is "essentially a Socialist or Communist idea."

"It is a fact," he says, "that on the average, patrons of municipal plants pay much more for current than patrons of private companies." To arrive at this shocking untruth, Mr. Prendergast employs some statistical sleights-of-hand. He quotes a report of the Bureau of the Census for 1922 that the average rate of municipal electric plants was 4.42 cents a kilowatt hour while private plants received 2.25. This "average" rate is obtained by averaging the low rate of the 600,000 large power consumers who use five-sixths of all the current generated in the United States with the high rates of the 20,000,000 residential users who purchase the remaining one-sixth. Mr. Prendergast is aware that domestic consumers are the chief patrons of municipal plants; he does not seem to be aware that such methods of "averaging" are condemned by all impartial students of public-utility regulation. But why the 1922 report of the Census should be used when the 1927 figures were available, I leave to Mr. Prendergast to explain. Of course it could not be because the 1927 figures (the latest available) give the average charges of private companies for *domestic* service at 6.9 cents a kilowatt hour and the municipal charges for the same type of consumer as 5.5 cents!

Finally, in what he deems the knockout blow to public ownership, Mr. Prendergast observes that at best it could save the consumer only $360 millions, a mere million dollars a day. He adds a priceless comment.

> Very fine—a vast relief! But what about the investing public. . . . Naturally they would get $360 million less a year. In other words, there would be no gain at all so far as the people as a whole are concerned. . . . Some pay less, others get less.

WILL MASLOW.

Book Notes

SCIENCE

THE SCIENCE OF HUMAN REPRODUCTION: Biological Aspects of Sex, by H. M. Parshley. *New York: W. W. Norton Company. 334 pages. illustrated. $3.50.*

Glamor and chagrin will always see to it that our knowledge of sex is kept decently below the level of anything so prosaic and immoral as science. Those who are capable of discounting these factors will find in Professor Parshley's volume one of the most intelligent, well informed and readable contributions to the subject in recent years. Both as a trained biologist and gifted teacher, Professor Parshley is well equipped to tell "the oldest story in the world." Drawing his material from the most reliable sources, and with commendable frankness, he discusses such things as sexual dimorphism, the zoölogy of reproduction, cellular and genetic factors; the anatomy and physiology of reproduction; menstruation, pregnancy and the embryo; influence of the glands upon sexual characteristics and functions; puberty, adolescence and the problems of adjusting sexual behavior to social life; population and eugenics, and writes a sensible final chapter on "the biology of sex behavior." Within the limits allowed, Professor Parshley has achieved a high standard not only in the selection of facts but in accuracy of presentation: if, in his discussion of population, he

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makes the mistake of putting the chief blame for excess on modern power methods of production rather than upon an antiquated distribution system, he is cautious about it, and is ready to admit that our troubles may be traceable to "a fundamentally bad order of society."

THE NEW BACKGROUND OF SCIENCE, by Sir James Jeans. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 301 pages, illustrated. $2.50.*

It is too bad that so brilliant an expositor of current scientific thought and achievements should persist in confusing his proper domain with that of the metaphysician. The present volume, rich as it is in discussions of the latest discoveries in the microcosmic world of radiation, wave mechanics and atomic physics, continues the defense of idealism begun in "Our Mysterious Universe." The thesis here is that all science is "mental," and that recent developments in the physical sciences are to be interpreted as definitely marking the end of the mechanistic view of nature. Jeans's attempt to confute the old Newtonian attitude by a quotation from Dirac proves only a misconception of the meaning of the word "mechanics," and is in sharp contrast not only with the technical sense of Dirac's statements, but with the shrewder analysis of Max Planck and the more wholesome view of men like Professor Levy, Lancelot Hogben, Herbert Dingle and J. B. S. Haldane. There is so much about everything which we do not yet *know* that it would seem too soon to fall back upon faith—even at the persuasive invitation of Sir James Jeans.

SCIENCE IN THE CHANGING WORLD, edited by Mary Adams. *New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 286 pages. $2.*

By far the best contribution to this English radio-symposium is Professor Hyman Levy's "What Is Science?" It is refreshing to be told amid a rising chorus of unity-seekers, that "science is a revolt against the apparent wholeness of things," and to be reminded that the history of science is a record of sturdy challenges against one after another of man's cherished beliefs about the universe. The contributions by Julian Huxley and John R. Baker, by Bertrand Russell, Haldane and Oliver Lodge, are reasonably stimulating if not profound, but Aldous Huxley is astonishingly inept in his genteel liberalism. The humanist will find encouragement in the defense of "values" and the individual against the supposed threat of science as presented by Hilaire Belloc and Hugh l'Anson Fausset.

Travel and Adventure

GUIDE TO MEXICO, by Frances Toor. *Mexico, D. F.: Mexican Folkways. 160 pages. $1.*

The author of "Mexican Folkways" has here compiled an intelligently arranged and well indexed guide book to Mexico which anticipates most of the regular difficulties and problems of the tourist. In addition to a large list of hotels and restaurants (listed according to prices), places of interest, suggestions concerning appropriate clothing, information on methods of transportation to and in Mexico, maps, it furnishes a short bibliography calculated to give one quick but sound conceptions of Mexican problems and customs. As a brief guide, it is thoroughly satisfactory.

THE QUEST FOR POLAR TREASURES, by Jan Welzl. *With an introduction by Bedrich Golombek and Edvard Valenta. Translated by M. E. R. Westherall. New York: The Macmillan Company. 352 pages. $2.*

When Welzl's previous book, "Thirty Years in the Golden North," was published, it was dismissed by some authorities as a hoax, one going so far as to suggest Capek as the perpetrator, with the Golden North, a new land of fancy, to set beside "this world of ours," and Welzl as the dung beetle in a human metempsychosis. The ordinary reader's verdict was "interesting even if untrue." Welzl's life story having been done, the present volume is given up to anecdote, chiefly of gold-mining and hunting. The material is giving out and in the effort to make the most of it, Welzl's official ghosts have stretched it pretty thin.

Fiction

MOON IN THE WEST, by Bertrand Collins. *New York: Liveright, Inc. $2.*

In this story of Americans abroad, Mr. Collins sets out to demonstrate that the two sides of the Atlantic are separated by more than water. Tony, playboy and aspiring composer, virtually commutes between New York and Paris. The particular trip with which the novel deals is ostensibly for the purpose of finding the perfect locale for musical creation; actually it is Tony's pretext for escape from an embarrassing sweetheart in New York and the resumption of a long standing affair with a French connection. He is accompanied by his wife, Diana, who is trying to preserve their union against the autumn years. The almost fatal climax of Tony's French romance determines their return to the States, after a journey which includes Paris, a fragment of Germany and Vienna. The scenes of Vienna in transition are engrossing, showing workers defiant and workers fearful, arrayed against an old order which is unified even in its decay

STALLION, by Marguerite Steen. *Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.*

Miss Steen's ideas about the dominance of the male and the subservience of the female are clearly stated in this work. To her heroine Ursula "subservience" does not imply weakness, but rather strength in sheltering the man, so that "he might get on with the work of being himself." Ursula's man is unattractive and conceited, seldom overlooking a willing wench. He finds himself desperately in love with Tamar, a part-gypsy waif who traps him so completely with her fancy lovemaking that he can neither leave her nor have the satisfaction of feeling he has conquered her. Her indifference finally leads him to assert his ego over her violently and with tragic results, which are smoothed over by Ursula's devotion. Miss Steen regards her character with an attitude similar to that of D. H. Lawrence, but, unlike Lawrence, occasionally gives the impression of catering to public taste.

Contributors

Clark Foreman, who was born in Georgia and has studied at Harvard, Columbia and the London School of Economics, is a member of the board of directors of the Commission on Interracial Coöperation and also a member of the American Council of the Geneva School of International Studies.

Raymond Holden, formerly on the editorial staff of The New Yorker, is the author of a biography of Lincoln and a contributor of verse and criticism to various magazines.

Willard Tilden Davis has for the past fifteen years conducted a teachers' agency in Lincoln, Nebraska and is also engaged in an acreage enterprise in the suburbs.

Edd Winfield Parks is Professor of English at Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tennessee and the author of a biography of Charles Egbert Craddock which will be published this fall.

Allen Tate, now living on a farm in Tennessee, has written two volumes of poetry and two biographies. He is at present working on a book which deals with the historical background of American society.

Robert Cantwell, whose short stories and criticism have appeared in numerous magazines, has completed his second novel, "The Land of Plenty," which will appear in the fall under the imprint of Farrar and Rinehart.

Paul Weiss, an associate professor of Philosophy at Bryn Mawr College, has edited the "Collected Papers of C. S. Peirce."

Murray Godwin, free-lance writer of New York City, has contributed stories and articles to The New Freeman, The North American Review, Transition and other magazines.

Léonie Adams, who is spending the summer in Connecticut, is the author of two volumes of verse, "Those Not Elect" and "High Falcon."

Will Maslow, a practising attorney in New York City, has been counsel for the City Affairs Committee of New York in several rate cases which it has instituted.

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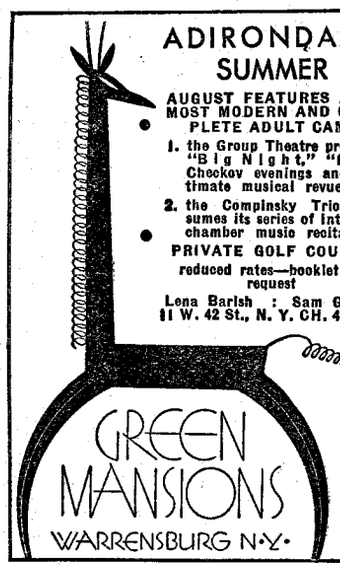

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